

Asylum For Shut-Ins

EXLORING THE WORLD OF HOME-ACCESSIBLE WEIRDNESS

ISSUE #3

\$2.50



"MOVE OVER REMBRANDT! MITCH O'CONNELL IS AMERICAS MOST BELOVED AND RESPECTED ARTIST"*



* MADE UP QUOTE DESIGNED TO SELL A TON OF BOOKS



"Hilarious!" gasps *New City*.
 "Dazzling, sophisticated, versatile and ingenious," gushes *Amazing Heroes*.
 "Clever, playful, wild and witty," sniffs *The Chicago Tribune*.
 "Imagine a Mickey Mouse Club run by Russ Meyer, and you have the universe
 of Mitch O'Connell," rambles the *New Art Examiner*.

Mitch is the award-winning, nationally exhibited fine artist whose work has
 appeared in *National Lampoon*, *Spy* and *Playboy*, among many publications.
 Now, for the first time ever, you can own *Good Taste Gone Bad: the
 "Art" of Mitch O'Connell*, eighty-eight square-bound pages of Mitch's
 sexy pop art illustrations and humorous comic stories inside a full-color
 wraparound cover.

If you are a sophisticated art lover, a collector of fine art books or
 susceptible to exaggerated advertising claims, this is the **MUST-BUY BOOK
 OF THE CENTURY!**

Beg your local comic shop to stock *Good Taste Gone Bad*. Or order
 directly from Good Taste Products for only \$15 postpaid, at P.O. Box 267869,
 Chicago, IL 60626. Dealers rates available.



Asylum For Shut-Ins

"So, how's that stupid magazine of yours going?"

-A "Friend"

GUILTY PARTIES

PUBLISHER: Some Guy WE Don't Know

EDITOR: Msgr. Kole

FINANCIER: The Bank That Has Us By The Short Hairs

INSURED BY: Acme Healing crystals

CONTRIBUTORS

The Writer of Thee Uncredited Articles and Reviews.....Msgr. Mike Kole
 Far Too Busy Keeping Thee Young Men.....Rev. John X. Piche'
 Licker Of Many Stamps and Envelopes.....Ed Godard
 New Initiate and Hero.....Steve Bostwick
 Likewise.....John Turnipsmidgeon
 Likewise (heroine).....Diane Skelton
 Likewise, already!.....Dame Darcy and Mitch O'Connell
 Old Initiate, New Hero.....Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger
 Professor of Crackpotology, Emeritus.....Rev. Ivan Stang

these dashing individuals are depicted at the right
-STANG'S ON PAGE 55!

The staff is simultaneously growing and shrinking simultaneously! This just doesn't allow the Editor to attend to those pesky business details. This makes him sad and his family hungry. Make his day by sending us your contributions and anything else you may care to. Anything! Send articles, reviews, materials for review, ads, checks, money orders, cash, pre-1965 silver coins are especially nice. Send plenty. We cannot guarantee publication. Well, we could but we won't. If you'd like for us to return your submission, include an SASE, otherwise go pound sand. The important thing is that you submit. **Submit! SUBMIT!!** Here's a bribe! If we print your junk, we'll paste your photo on page 3. Page 3!!! Sure, it ain't cash, but then, we are the Koles and *not* the Hearsts.

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We have some rescues! Mr. Perot will be so glad!

Special Thanks to those who reviewed Asylum AND bothered to send a copy.

Asylum For Shut-ins - July 1994, Vol. 2, Number 3 is published quarterly- despite utter poverty- by Run Of The Mill Publications, P.O. Box 46381, Bedford, OH 44146. Because Bulk Mail, while cheap, is slower to arrive than a refund check from the IRS. First Class Postage paid at Bedford, Ohio. Subscriptions, 4 issues for \$9 in the U.S. Elsewhere... uh, see page 4. Ditto advertising rates. Be sure to see the bit about payments made in silver coins. We're not kidding about that, you know. Copyrights 1994 by the individual authors. Don't bother us with your stupid inquiries. All accounts are rendered with satirical intent, or so we say. We're trained professionals.
 Do not try this at home. And don't say we didn't warn you. Printed in the basement, right next to the still. Praise "Bob" or kill me!!!



Howdy, pardner!

We are more thrilled than we let on to be able to announce another increase in the destruction of natural resources. With each issue, we've added 8 pages of small print. More pages today, heavier, slick stock covers tomorrow! Oh, to have vision!

Whether or not they like Asylum for Shut-Ins, we invite our readers to contribute! All we require is that you include important details like TITLE, ISSUE No. (in the case of publications), MAILING ADDRESS, PHONE No., FAX No., PRICE, etc. We ABSOLUTELY ENCOURAGE A SUBJECTIVE POINT OF VIEW! Don't be a wuss. There are plenty of wuss zines out there. We DO NOT aspire to join their ranks. Call 'em likes you sees 'em!

SUBSCRIBE!

Get down! Issue 3 has 16 more pages than Issue 1, yet costs the same? Are ya fucked? No, we just like to pass ourselves off as the kind of folks that give the public the deal of a lifetime. Yet again we will offer the opportunity to get in on the ground floor and subscribe at bargain rates! By the time you think we're crying wolf, we will have raised the rates and you'll kick yourself. Subscribe by AUGUST 15, 1994 at the following rates:

U.S. - \$9.00
Canada - \$10.00
Europe, S. America - \$15.00
Africa, Australia, Asia - \$20.00

All subscriptions are post paid and cover four issues. Please indicate with which issue to start your subscription! We have a fair-sized pile of our inaugural issue sitting around somewhere. Start your sub there if you care to. If you don't tell us with which issue to launch you sub, we'll start you at #1. All subscriptions are payable in US funds ONLY! (exceptions being Australia, England, and Japan for the time being) Checks, money orders or cash are all acceptable (until we have the clout to DEMAND silver), but if you do send cash, please conceal it well!!! We cannot accept any responsibility for cash stolen or lost in the mail! We don't trust the federal Reserve system any more than the anti-trilateralists. Therefore, any payments made in pre-1995 coinage, deduct 90%. That's right, smartie, 90%! Send us four Quarters dated 1964 or earlier, and a subscription is yours.

Single issues are available too, of course:

U.S., Canada - \$2.50
Europe, S. America - \$3.75
Africa, Australia, Asia - \$5.00

Be sure to indicate which issue you want!

ADVERTISE!

We fully expect to reach a different audience than even the newsletters and zines we cover can claim! Asylum For Shut-Ins is not dominated by any one medium or genre. Should this dissuade the indie-rock label from hawking stuff here? Don't be silly, Buster!

Sure, if the indie label advertises in a rock zine, they'll hit the target. The target, however, may have been PUMMELED INTO OBLIVION by now. Those folks are positively numb to such ads. If you ate peanut butter sandwiches at each meal, every day, how long would it be before you lost interest in peanut butter sandwiches? Quite specifically, we ask our young entrepreneurs this: Why not attempt to strip-mine a whole new audience?

The readers of Asylum For Shut-Ins are bound to be the sort of bored individuals who seek out new and different things. *It may well be that they didn't know indie rock was out there at all!*

Of course, this lesson is not limited to the rock scene. Anybody who sells different, weird, unusual, cutting edge, shunned, scorned, sick, demented, etc. items, materials or publications and is tired of placing ads in the wrong places are encouraged to consider advertising here. Read our reviews and see if you don't think an audience awaits you.

If nothing else, the rates are cheap! Observe:

ASYLUM FOR SHUT-INS DISPLAY AD RATES

FULL PAGE (7 1/2" x 10")	\$100
HALF PAGE (7 1/2" x 5")	\$50
or (3 3/4" x 10")	\$50
ONE-THIRD PAGE (5" x 5")	\$40
or (2 1/2" x 10")	\$40
QUARTER PAGE (3 3/4" x 5")	\$30
ONE-SIXTH (2 1/2" x 5")	\$25

All ads should be camera ready. We shoot 'em how we get 'em unless you ask us to lay 'em out. If you'd like us to lay your ad out, we'll do it for an additional 15% of the ad cost. (For a full page ad, the price would be \$115, \$57.50/half, etc.)

Your check or money order must accompany your ad to ensure inclusion.

Discounts are offered for multiple issue ads or payments made in pre-1920 gold coin. Please write for more information regarding multiple issue deals. Advertisers paying in gold coin may deduct 99% from their cost! **99 Goddamned %!!!** We know you have it locked up in the vault. Go get it! We're not interested in silver or in nuggets. See Page 63 if this offer seems too remarkable to be true! We mean it, pal.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Classifieds are even cheaper than display ads, but they lack graphics. They can be a lot of fun, too. There are certain magazines I buy just for the classifieds (SCREW and MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL come to mind) because of the stuff folks offer or seek.

The classified rules are simple:

1. \$1 per 10 words!!! (or a pre-1965 dime)
2. Any words beyond 10, round up. (22 words pays the same as 30)
3. No word-minimum or -maximum. Buy the whole page. See if we complain!
4. \$2 minimum.
5. Address printed FREE!

Cash is preferred, but conceal it well. Of course, we'll accept your check or money order (please shoot us if we're ever found turning money away), but I'd bet it would cost you almost half the cost of the ad to send it. It's hard to fathom spending a half-hour purchasing a two-dollar M.O., or paying the 50-cent-per-check service charge for this. You must have two bucks in your billfold. *Reach in and send it to us now.*

DEADLINES

The deadlines we set apply equally to both advertisers and contributors. These deadlines are to be honored and revered, but to a point. I mean, if a half-page ad comes in one day late, we'll slide it in if space permits. We're realistic. If it happens that you're late and space does not permit us to "slip it in", your ad or contribution will appear in the following issue. **Don't say we didn't warn you.**

ACTUAL DEADLINES

-Issue #4
Monday, July 4, 1994

-Issue #5
Monday, September 26, 1994

ISSUE #4
AVAILABLE
July 25, 1994

Write to: Asylum For Shut-Ins P.O. Box 46581 Bedford OH 44146

Correspondence In

Mike-

Hmmm... checked a couple addresses in your zine to write to just to get on mailing lists and waste other peoples' \$... but I couldn't help but get the same feeling for your zine as I did from High Weirdness... the stuff just didn't seem that weird. I guess it's weird stuff as far as being compared to the mainstream... but it just all seems mainstream as compared to the stuff I want to be finding out about. I don't know... reread ANSWER ME and give 'em a chance. These guys actually have a clue as to what's going on in the world and don't just blow it off as a joke like the Church of the SubGenius and the like. Hell, I used to be into all that goofy stuff back when I was still in high school... but once you get into the real world where your neighbor who works for the government gets taken away to a special hospital and never comes back, friends get mixed up with the wrong people and disappear and you can buy a 12-year-old girl on the street for \$40, you just can't take listening to any more of that "let's make a big joke out of everything" approach that's all so common in the underground.

Hail her,

Graham Trievel



Graham-

Why do we "make a big joke out of all of it"? Well, we could sit around and get depressed and brood about "it" all, or we could load up the guns and the station wagon like the Goads of ANSWER ME seem ready to do, but who needs that sort of grief? We're involved in a pursuit of happiness, not agony. Frankly, I would have to guess that you were better off "back when you were in high school" when you were still able to laugh.

You probably think that we're all a bunch of suburban twats, living with mommy and daddy- as evidenced by your "real world" snobbery. Who cares even if we were?

On the more practical side, I am very interested in your version of weirdness. We all sat around to figger out just what might be more weird than what we cover. We came up with the following:

1. Producers of snuff films
2. The child-slave market
3. That African tribe whose women circumcise their clitorises
4. Bestiality
5. Necrophilia
6. Pediphilia (NAMBLA, perhaps)
7. Ruining people's marriages, lives, etc.
8.



I don't know what else. YOU TELL ME! People who do most of those things, though, don't write literature about their actions because they'd end up in prison or dead themselves. How do you pull them out of the woodwork? You gonna find a brochure for "cute, young white

girls for sale" or "Charlie's All-Nite Stiff House"? Keep in mind that I like to cover things that anyone can access. It's a rigid criteria, but I'm sure you'll be able to pull through cuz you're a "real world" trouper. -Msgr.

To date, he has not responded.

Dear A.F.S.I.-

Just thought I'd drop you a line to let you know what I got from CHRISTIAN RESEARCH (Asylum #2, pg. 10).

Jeez. It sounds like these folks want another Crusade. Get the sheets out of the closet already. I wrote them and told them that I was talking to a minister who told me that Jesus was a homosexual. To quote Mr. Dan Gentry, Office Manager, Christian Research, "if you are honest in your description of his belief, he is as guilty as one who willfully commits such an abomination. The only "right" a sodomite has in a Christian theocracy is the right to die." Gee, and I wondered why so many wars involved Christianity.

I told him I wanted to share the "Good News" (?) with the school's radio audience and he sent me the following tapes: "Caucasian Roots", "The Devil Made Me Do It", "Facts For Action", and "Death Penalty For Homosexuals".

In response to his letter, I took the passive, non-violent Christian stance, asking him if he believed that good Christians should go out and kill homosexuals. I'm anxious to hear his response.

They have a book for sale which was written by the wife of Rudolph Hess. They describe it as "heart-warming and humorous". Maybe if I beg real hard...

Bye-Bye,

Kurt Strouse

Mr. Strouse is a DJ at a Pennsylvania radio station.

Dear Mike,

Thanks for the copy of Asylum For Shut-Ins. I probably never would have started publishing if it weren't for Rev. Stang's wunnerful book, *High Weirdness By Mail*. It's good to see that someone is still carrying the torch.

Yrs:

Dan Kelly

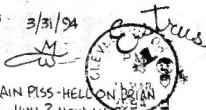
In all honesty, letters like this make us squirt far more than ones that say "love yer mag... it's kool" or whatever. Appreciation warms the heart. A little more cash would warm the runny nose and clear the bleary eyes, however. As for carrying the torch... It seems someone would like to try to shove it up our ass, as can be seen in the post card on the following page. -Ed.

Estrus Records

P.O. Box 2125
Bellingham, WA. 98227 USA
(206) 647-1187 (Tel./Fax.)

RUS-SUCK,

3/31/94



Dear Editor:

At one time I was an editor and publisher of a magazine covering such arcane subjects as UFO cover-ups, various conspiracies, strangely paranoid scenarios where life appeared to be stranger than fiction and publishing the most profoundly weird tales and stories in an attempt to create a debacle of the mind (while simultaneously attempting to discover the Truth of What Is really Happening!). In any event, I sense you get my drift, as they say.

I removed myself from the publishing field, the conspiracy stuff, and the incessant accumulation of information that I had demanded of myself to ingest. The enclosed article, or Open Letter to Conspiracy Researchers, stretches the conspiracy field a tad to include some very arcane and secretive areas that researchers have been uncourageous to tackle. There are many specific areas of

the conspiracy realm that have not been exposed, uncovered, unveiled, revealed that are closer to you than you can imagine. You won't even need to get a FOIA document for any of these hidden secrets.

Hopefully, you will read the enclosed with the same open-eyes that you read much of the material coming across your desk proclaiming to be truth about such and such conspiracy or cover-up.

Thank you for your time... and I invite a response from either you personally or from your readers (if you dare to publish such a controversial working paper/document).

Cordially,

Bob Banner

former publisher and editor of *Critique: Exposing Consensus Reality*

Find this Open Letter on Page 8. Asylum For Shut-Ins is happy to provide a forum for this item. Send your responses our address.

Mike-

I got Asylum, and I have to say I was impressed. I was graced for a "Bob"bie-tie piece of alt.slack posturing, and I got True Grid. I laughed my ass off reading your prediction that the Prophet people up in Montana will be the next Waco, and I was glad to see zine reviews by someone who's unimpressed by most of what's out there, especially the music zines. Could still be a little better, but not bad for a first issue. If you got one of the places in Bloomington to pick them up, I'll keep my eyes out for the next issue, and I'll recommend it to some friends who have been following the Unarians.

— Mike.

p.s. - Now that McElwayne's off The Net, do you think that he's cranking out newsletters somewhere in Wisconsin?

SO YA HAD TO RAIN PISS-HELL ON BRIAN JOHNSON & T.W.S.D., HUH? NOW YA SEE WHAT HAPPENS. I WAS ABOUT TO SEND FOR AN ISSUE OF "ASYLUM" BUT I THINK I'LL SKIP IT AFTER SEEING YOUR REVIEW IN "T.W.S.D. #26". THE EDITORIAL & TOLERANCE POLICY WERE SUMMED UP IN TWO BRIEF PARAGRAPHS, NO THANKS. HAVE YOU GOT SUCH A GREAT RAG THAT YOU CAN PITCH SHIT AT ESTABLISHED ZINES THAT WRITE ABOUT VENUES THAT YOU DON'T EVEN COMPREHEND? EVEN THOUGH BEDFORD IS (BARELY) ON THE EAST SIDE IT'S GOT MORE TRI-C COLLEGE, 2-YEAR GENERAL STUDIES-WHITE TRASH THAN BROOKPARK AND ALL OF W. 25TH STREET COMBINED, YOU CARRY THE CHEVRON FOR EM ALL. GET A JOB! - Guido Catalina -

THE BROOD photo by Laurie J. Jager

Post Card

ED (KNOB-GOBBLER) GODARD

46 ASYLUM FOR SHUT-INS

P.O. BOX 46581

BEDFORD, OH 44146

THE BROOD "VENDETTA!"
AVAILABLE NOW ON ESTRUS RECORDS
ES007 \$8 PPD / ES007 \$12 PPD

-THIS from someone who sees fit to judge our zine on the basis of two paragraphs out of 56 pages without having even seen the remaining 56 pages! (Apparently, our review of They Won't Stay Dead #24 was reprinted in TWSD #26). As for our tolerance policy, he's right. We have absolutely NO TOLERANCE FOR SHITTY ZINES!!! -Ed

Mike Krole:

Greetings and much adoration for your efforts with the thoroughly adorable, but not quite useful AFSI. First order of business: an update on a *High Weirdness* listing I have privileged access to. The "WIFFLEPIG" listing was of my band several years back. Somehow, the cassette "Meat Market Icons" wasn't mentioned (the accompanying booklet was however). Anyway, the cassette and booklet are no longer available (unless bribed with ridiculous sums of money or exotic sexual favours).

Shortly after the publication of *High Weirdness*, I began to associate with certain local anarchists who were under investigation for some animal-rights-direction. A "Phoney Company" worker installed a strange black box with a red light on the telephone pole in our backyard. Strange activities began to take place at the house across the street at all hours of the night in this very conservative suburb of Toronto. We, on more than one occasion, noticed a camera on a tripod peeking out of the adjacent, aforementioned abode towards our house. I'm not making this up. It was at this time that I came in contact with some of my most cherished and revered pen-pals and acquaintances—such luminaries as Thom Metzger (AKA Ziggurat's Tommy X3) and Mr. Bones ("She"), Rev. Orton Nenslo of *Master Control Programming*, among others of such audacious ilk. These contacts proved to be my only Asylum from the psychological Shut-In state I was in.

I got involved with a modelishly beautiful, yet morally bankrupt goddess, and began to think my fascination with things Discordian was a covert beacon to any woman of Erisian sinister/benevolent personality type.

To make a long story short, I moved downtown, got a job at the local Kinko's and continued to produce printed and audible material. I've learned to channel all this negative energy into creative projects. I've taken a hiatus from tattooing until I can devote more time perfecting the craft to my own fascist standards. Occasionally, when offered (again) large sums of money, I have been known to get out the needles and ink.

Yours,
2:35



Our Instructions

1. Keep in close contact with your brothers-at-arms, Asylum For Shut-Ins. Send detailed accounts, photocopies, the works. You will be suitably rewarded.

2. Please mention Asylum For Shut-Ins when writing to those who advertise here. You may not necessarily wish to drop our name when corresponding with some folks, however. That is detailed below.

3. Prices listed with names and addresses are generally cover prices. Some folks charge shipping and handling on top of that. Unless we are asked to include such pricing in our listing, we don't. It isn't a bad idea to write for more information before sending cash. The response time to price inquiries is a good way to gauge the reliability of the source. If they won't answer your letter of inquiry, don't even think of sending cash!

4. Any suggestions we make should not be construed as legal advice. We have no idea what the laws are in your state or country. It is our belief that the things we discuss are generally legal activities, but who knows for sure? Therefore we say, **THE INFORMATION FOUND HEREIN IS OFFERED AS OPINION AND ENTERTAINMENT ONLY!** Now then...

OUR RECOMMENDATIONS

1. If you have the *slightest doubt whatsoever* about obtaining items or making contact with these or any listees, **forget it**. Some headache is inevitable. Friends, parents, or kids will look at you funny if you leave this junk laying around, your mail carriers will **hate** you for the increased strain on their backs, and odds are you will *never* find that one true path. I know the answer but I won't tell you.

2. If stubborn, and ready to write, **get a Post Office Box**. Small boxes go for about \$25 per 6 months. \$25 isn't very much to pay when you consider the headaches a P.O. Box prevents. The eyes of uptight spouses and parents are shielded from your goodies. The mail carrier won't hate you. If the kooks you write you "just happen to be passing through

your town", they won't be able to knock on your door, ready to spend several hours discussing Jehovah-1 or the Branch Davidians.

3. Use an alias. By using my real name, my namesake uncle has gotten lots of calls from irate freaks. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, I've been told.

Corollary 1.

Perhaps you live all by yourself and have nobody to bother with this crap. Perhaps you don't care much what anybody thinks of what you do. **Great! Leap in head first!** If you are free from the above constraints, you are saved that much extra effort, energy, and cash. Perhaps you would *really* like it if these kooks showed up at your door unexpectedly. Well, dear friend, happy hunting. Just be sure to write us with your exploits.

WHEN WRITING

1. **ALWAYS TRY TO GET STUFF FOR FREE**. Many of our correspondents were so eager to send us mountains of their junk, we nearly had to write them *asking them to stop*. Of course, these form-letter manifestos may be your way, truth and light. Leave no stone unturned on your quest. And always see if you can get it for free. A self-addressed, stamped envelope, while not "free", per se, assures a return of some sort 95% of the time.

1. A. The feeling around here is that if somebody asks for compensation in return for their "junk", we'll gladly ante up, if we feel the asking price is fair. If somebody sends something on trust, we try not to violate it. We'd sooner send the junk back or give it to someone else than leave 'em hanging. We doubt very many others will take this approach. Just a suggestion.

We like to support the people whose efforts we believe in. Most of our advertisers were secured not by their inquiries of us, but ours of them because we dig their stuff. On the other hand, some of our staffers think it's really wonderful to do the opposite to those they don't support. The phrase "bankrupt the motherfuckers" flies around here more than the common sparrow.

2. Try to personalize your correspondence, especially if you suspect you are writing to a solo operation. Sure, the Bob Tilttons of the world will just throw your prayer request into the dumpster out back, but so what? It's the free stuff you after, right? **Never** send a letter written on a PC, or worse, a form letter. It's cold and impersonal, and besides, it's hard to convince people that you're poor and deserving of free salvation if you send them a *laser-printed form letter*. We like to use torn out notebook paper and a blotchy, old pen. If you spill a little beer, or smear tomato sauce on the paper, that's *even better*.

3. **ALWAYS PANDER LIKE HELL to your correspondent**. You don't think you'll prize some freebies out of them if you attack them or support their opposition, do you? Tell them you have a *lot of money* and would like to be able to spend it *somewhere*. That'll get their attention. Be pleasant and agreeable and the free crap will flow like manna from above.

3. A. Occasionally, one can gain better results with an outright attack. If counter-correspondence comes, it will be outlandishly venomous, and if that's what you're into, it will be that much more entertaining.

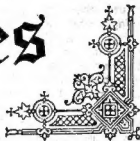
3. B. As learned through the exploits of Issue 1, it has been discovered that spouting a page of delirious shit can elicit a 30-page maelstrom. Be selective when utilizing this approach. Most folks will just toss your page of delirious shit into Tilton's dumpster out back.

4. Beg if you must. Pride is not a factor when corresponding by mail. Don't be ashamed if you have to grovel or pander. The media does it all the time and they all make a nice living. The point is, save your money where you can. Ever since the telephone became popularized, Americans have lost the ability to write a letter. Corporations routinely give free products and coupons to the three dozen Americans who write letters to them. The internet may right this. Anyhow, bait is on the hook awaiting your letter. At the very least, you can usually get some kind of catalog.





Primary Sources



An Open Letter to Conspiracy Researchers

Samsara, Sleepfulness, Transformation & Going Deeper

by Bob Banner

He was like a man who was standing on the top of the world looking over into a new world. That is what Daddy was like. He lifted himself so he was looking over the horizon to a new world, a free and happy world. He stood there on the edge of the universe looking into the future, and when he turned around to say, "Come on, let's go," they pulled the ladder out from under him and killed him.

-Peter Reich writing about his father, Wilhelm Reich, in *A Book of Dreams*

Yes, there are conspiracies out there. No doubt about it. Political manipulations, covert activities within the corporate world, espionage-like activities amidst law firms, conglomerates, real-estate dealings... suppressing certain stories in the media, slanting/biasing information for better profit and a more submissive populace... Political assassinations, UFO cover-ups, the allopathic medical establishment's tyranny, mind control, advertising schemes to win the sheepish populace to buy and buy. It's all a mess... we know it... yet I don't see any conspiracy researcher diggin deeper. Most are obsessed with information, accumulating vast amounts of information, obscure as some of it is, to make their case, to prove their point, to rally their outrageous and frequently paranoid cause, to add to their already vast library/arsenal of ammunition data. But what's the point if our hearts are shut down and we live unhappy, obsessed, fast-paced, reckless, miserable and paranoid lives? Good question...

The following is a working paper exploring another type of "conspiracy" which is more devious, more hidden, more insidious and more threatening than all the conspiracies than I've ever encountered.

There is a vast conspiracy to suppress our feelings, our birthright to be genuinely happy, our natural ecstasy, our spontaneous and conscious rage, anger and wildness and our vast uncanny abilities to love. It is strange indeed to see someone truly grieve openly from a loss of a loved one or express anger vulnerably in public while still looking at each other (rather than the typical slamming the door shut, throwing the phone down or whatever and race off to an isolated separate place)? How often do you see a man or woman smiling brilliantly, ecstatically and naturally, radiating love and beingness? No drugs, no external lottery-winning-type-of-pseudo-bliss, but a genuine flowering and glowing of being Love?

There are immensely strong forces to keep us defensive, vain, ego-obsessed, in body-denial, enmeshed in the duality of pleasure-craving/pain-aversion, spontaneous, aloof, appearing as if we have embodied certitude, spiritually vacuous, blank, unfeeling, talking head robots...

There's a grand conspiracy to keep us all distracted from entering our depths, our pain, our joy and learning our true purpose in life. Distractions, constant distractions to keep us numb and robotic.

Sugar sweets to get us high, meat to maintain our slothful sluggishness, coffee and other caffeinated sodas to stimulate us, fast foods to bloat us, images in magazines

and television to keep us in a state of fear, paranoia or a state where we are perpetually comparing ourselves with the "other" so that we never have the opportunity to really relax into our own being, our own natures, our own true self. There's an absolute conspiracy to keep us chatting and chattering internally and externally, continually buzzing thoughts rapidly thwarting any graceful attempt at stillness.

And there's a conspiracy to keep us in denial of impermanence and death. We seek and seek security and permanence, selling out to various forms of psychospiritual suicide to guarantee some semblance of security- but it doesn't happen. Something usually comes along and takes it away so we feel how attached we were to all those things that we thought were going to keep us secure and permanently safeguarded from the throes of a chaotic universe...

We hide our old people, not wanting to see the inevitable, not wanting to feel our own inevitable death, not wanting to feel the possibility of dying at any moment... "The longer a man lives, the more stupid he becomes, because his anxiety to avoid unavoidable death becomes more and more acute. What bitterness! He lives for what is always out of his reach! His thirst for survival in the future makes him incapable of living in the present." - *Chuang Tzu*

We've lost our deep gratitude towards life. We've lost the feeling to even *feel* that sentience. We blame, complain, whine in constant expectation that someone else should make us happy, whether it's a government, corporate job or spouse or friend. They are responsible to love us, entertain us, fill us up, appreciate us, *make us happy*...

We live as if we will live forever... continually distracting ourselves from the need to truly face ourselves. We actually begin to believe that we can outsmart the inevitable, and actually believe that the distractions will actually bring us a deep happiness. We will try and try. We will keep reasing those same books, keep watching the tube (the same programs), keep being attracted to the same type of woman/man all the while believing that we will get it the next time, that real happiness is just around the corner. Yet, paradoxically we will counter the obvious repetitive pattern by telling ourselves: "I'll never do it again. I vow I will *never* do it again..." (and you can fill in whatever it is... the abusive sexual encounter, the intoxicant, the bloated meal, that new movie that I hope will affect me so deeply that it will transform my life, the deal that didn't quite work out... and on and on).

And there's a huge conspiracy against intimacy. Most "lover" relationships are fueled by romance and sentimentality or a lust that is based on fantasy and rigidly efforting rituals that are devoid of any spontaneity or truthfulness. A generic security/pleasure contract is frequently made to glue the supposed relationship together. We are so afraid of being abandoned that will do the most stupid things to stay in an abusive relationship. I've come to the unfortunate conclusion that most people desire someone who will not love them (for that is what happened for most of us in our childhood- the addiction to drama and struggle is very strong) and if we ever got involved with someone who truly loved us we wouldn't know what to do.

Most "friend" relationships are based on a mutual admiration society posture where there's an unwritten and unspoken agreement that neither will challenge the other- just play it safe, nice and comfortable...



Most sexual behavior is based on tension and release and used/abused to *make us feel better*. Most "love-making" (sexing) is based on automatic energetic charge that is *created*, it doesn't blossom from our depths, an emergence of spirit-communion with the other. And the conspiracy gleefully runs amok damaging people heedlessly, perpetually putting salt on a wound that often times is too painful to feel. And, simultaneously the conspiracy demands that we don't even have the slightest *curiosity* or interest in our pain, our wounds, our abused past (and present). Denial and absurd hope are locked in to keep us numb, stupid, unalive, superficial and deadeningly blank. Life is stranger than science fiction...

These are the grand conspiracies. But you know what? It's the world and it's not going to change... The Buddhists call it *Samsara*. The Hindus call it *Maya*... and we think that that's all there is... so we keep spinning our wheels, as it were... knowing that it's a mess, trying to figure it out, trying to blame someone, trying to change it all the while being totally enmeshed in it- assuming one can change the world or external circumstances without changing one's consciousness or relationship to oneself... There's an interesting quote from the new book titled *The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying* by Sogyal Rinpoche which is quite pertinent here:

"Samsara is highly organized, versatile and sophisticated; it assaults us from every angle with its propaganda, and creates an almost impenetrable environment of agitation around us. The more we try to escape, the more we seem to fall into the traps it is so ingenious at setting for us... we are like people crawling through an endless desert, dying of thirst. And all that this samsara holds out to us to drink is a cup of salt water, designed to make us even thirstier..."

And yesterday I came across another quote that I'd like to share with you that I know will interest any wide-eyed expansive conspiracy researcher.

"First of all it must be realized that the sleep in which man exists is not normal but hypnotic sleep. Man is hypnotized and this hypnotic state is continually maintained and strengthened in him. One would think that there are forces for whom it is useful and profitable to keep man in a hypnotic state and prevent him from seeing the truth and understanding his position... When a man begins to know himself many things are bound to horrify him. So long as a man is not horrified at himself he knows nothing about himself. A man has seen in himself something that horrifies him. He decides to throw it off, stop it, put an end to it. But however many efforts he makes, he feels that he cannot do this, that everything remains as it was. Here he will see his impotence, his helplessness, and his nothingness... And in feeling his nothingness a man should see himself as he really is, not for a second, not for a moment, but constantly, never forgetting it." - G. I. Gurdjieff

If we truly seek to become something more than just a samsaric dude consuming and consuming what they designedly provide for us then what are we to *do*? Yet before we can *do* we must *be*. And in order to *be* we must truly know ourselves, and that process can be both terribly threatening and quite liberating.

To truly free ourselves we must start off accepting that we are not free, that we are caught in a trap of delusions, opinions, fantasies, belief systems and assumptions of who we are. We imagine ourselves to be free, being capable of walking into difficult situations with no fear, no insecurity; being capable of spontaneously *being* ourselves in all situations; being capable of penetrating our genuine essence into the world at large, in every moment. We need to be able to taste true spontaneity, true authority, true grace, true joy, true power, so that we can see who we are not- so we can see our limitations, difficulties, conditionings and habits as just what they are. Not to rise above our peculiar disabilities, neuroses or personally historical traumas and imagine that we are somewhere we are not. But to truly *feel* where we are really at, having compassion for that person (that entity who is a

collection of habits, opinions and fantasies) so we can begin the arduous yet joyful task at hand to start transforming ourselves.

I recall hearing from a friend how truly joyful it was for him to suspend his immediate and automatic defensive posture whenever someone gave him feedback (and it usually didn't matter how the feedback was delivered- whether it was yelled or whispered). It wasn't just the idea of suspending his defensive posture that allowed him to feel joyful but he felt free in not being a defensive robot and he started to really realize that people weren't "attacking" him but were actually taking a risky by telling him something about himself that they didn't enjoy (which is usually a very vulnerable thing to do).

So he got a taste of that freedom- and that taste can allow more space for other possible changes.

I met an 85 year old woman the other day who was telling me how exuberant she had been feeling since she had started to "taste" how she needn't be so nice and accommodating to people. She had been working on it for years and suddenly a shift had taken place and joy was simply and lovingly on her face. Amidst all the years of anguish and misery her blossomed a joy from fruitful effort and purposeful awareness.

I write this open letter to allow more space in the conspiracy researcher milieu to include some of the more insidious types of secrets we cherish so deeply within our private hells. I became fascinated by conspiracy material because a man I longed to be truly fathered by was obsessed with paranoid scenarios and who tried to figure out who was running the world. He spent more time with his obscure studies while his heart was left nourished. I spent nearly ten years of my life (publishing conspiracy material) unconsciously motivated by my longing to be accepted and loved by a man. I gathered data and more data, accumulating ammunition to convince someone out there that I was worth something. It wasn't enough to simply be. I had to suppress all sorts of feelings to give the impression that I was someone who I was not. The more bizarre I was in articulating the zany and most cruel of conspiracies the more I attracted those zany, unstable and despairing of characters. I started to see the recurring theme and felt a shock going through my system. Something in me was screaming and yearning for something else. It wasn't a channelled voice from a distant alien galaxy or a transmission from some CIA experiment in ELF mind control- but a subtle longing and ache emanating from my heart that needed to discover the truth...

Bob Banner is a window washer, tennis instructor, publisher and writer. He has written for New Age Journal, Sacred Fire, Preparation, Conspiracy Digest and published an eccentric and eclectic magazine for ten years called Critique: Exposing Consensus Reality. He currently also works with people (via group and individual sessions) who are in need of learning to be real, truthful and more intimate with their dark and light side.

Send your responses to Asylum For Shut-Ins, and they will be forwarded to Mr. Banner. Responses that pique our interest will be published in AFSI #4. We'll send you a free copy of #4 if we print your response. Send by July 1, 1994 to:

ASYLUM FOR SHUT-INS
PO BOX 46581
BEDFORD OH 44146

BLESSED SPRAY •



VESTYLE

According to a 1972 paper, "Affluent neural responses to mechanical distortion of the torso of the cat," by D. F. Peerman and G. Carrier Jr. equating cat's leonine cauter, their path. Oh, so put it another way, "...compression is lightly anesthetized cats indicated a pseudo-effective pain-like response to distortion of the torso." Having made this discovery, they went on to add to the knowledge which "glancing back to the inside produced a burst of activity."



AMERICAN FAMILY ASSOCIATION
JOURNAL Feb. 1994
PO DRAWER 2440
TUPELO MS 38803

We never thought we'd come to the defense of the corporations, least of all the TV networks. In a sick twist of fate, the AFA, in their quest for the implementation of prudish morality in all aspects of public and private life, have caused us to take up arms. In the name of FREEDOM, we do hereby announce our allegiance to the TV producers, that they may produce what they wish to; to the Networks, that they may broadcast what they wish to; to the advertisers, that they may sponsor what they wish to; to the viewers, that they may watch whatever crapola they wish to. We have declared ACTUAL WAR on the AFA, effective YESTERDAY.

We humbly ask you to support the following:

Top Sponsors of prime-time TV violence

1. Chrysler Corp.
Chrysler, Dodge, Jeep
2. ConAgra, Inc.
Butterball, Hunts, Peter Pan
3. Burroughs Wellcome Co.
Actifed, Neosporin, Sudafed
4. Grand Metropolitan, Inc.
Alpo, Burger King, Pillsbury
5. Unilever United States Inc.
Dove soap, Ragu foods, Vaseline
6. Miles Inc.
Alka-Seltzer, S.O.S. soap pads
7. Helene Curtis Industries, Inc.
Degree, Finessa, Suave
8. Campbell Soup Co.
Pepperidge Farms, Swanson
9. PepsiCo
Pepsi, Doritos, Pizza Hut, Taco Bell
10. Ciba-Geigy Corp.
Acutrim, Desenax, Efidac/24
11. J. C. Penney
J. C. Penney department stores
12. The Clorox Company
Clorox, Hidden Valley Ranch, Tillee

because they should be allowed to sponsor violence or anything else, on prime time or any other time.

If you don't want to watch, I won't make you. Ok? Deal.

Now, be sure to get the newsletter, because you gotta know who to back. An informed consumer is a dangerous consumer to debilitating PACs like the AFA.

THE ANIMALS AGENDA Vol 13, #5
PO BOX 6809
SYRACUSE NY 13217

Oh, man. What am I supposed to say about this bunch of do-gooders? They have so much time on their hands that they look out for the four-legged types. So what? They have so much confidence that all of humankind's problems are solved that we can turn our attention to our furry brethren. Great.

There's the key. People, in their fanatic zeal to eliminate things that are out of sight but not out of mind, give piles of money to groups such as this and demonstrate to help cleanse their consciences of the sins of others. *Que sera, sera.*

Tom Regan's attack on Rush Limbaugh on these pages is almost as predictable as listening to Rush! In fact, most of the mag is downright boring. The only predictable items of interest are the nice pics of dead animals. Did they kill these animals themselves to prove their points? I wonder if they could be busted for having such sick contraband?
-Ed Godard

BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED Vol1, #2
130 WEST LIMESTONE ST
YELLOW SPRINGS OH 45387
\$2

Goddamn! A brand new jackpot has come crashing down a-jingling from the slot machine of the small-press. Batteries Not Included is a great new sexually-oriented newsletter that isn't one of those geeky, "huh-huh, didja see her titties, huh-huh" kinda things the frat boys tend to put out.

I mean, really. Your average die-hard porn fan is the sort of schmuck who doesn't get any- or he wouldn't have to watch someone else get it for him- or someone who can't get going, or someone that just isn't bored easily. How many times can you watch other people fuck before watching the 6:00 news becomes entertaining? Clearly, the writers of BNI are not your average die-hard porn fans.

Jeff Jarvie is a man with taste. Taste and perspective. Bored with the average porn flick, he seeks out something unusual, but that cuts through the bull. A couple of flicks from this A & B (check out the Catalog reviews) did the trick. They don't bother with a plot. RIGHT ON! Plots just get in the way of the inevitable. Why not just get it on, asks Jarvie. However, he has a small problem. The "getting it on" he wants the performers to get on to *alsobores* him. He proclaims, "the sex scenes in most porn films are as interesting as a new YES album". Whoa. Now, *there's* a cut-down. So what's a good sex scene to Jarvie? How's about Britt Morgan going down on a roomful of guys he describes as convicts and vagrants in succession as they try to make wisecracks? How about a girl whom he lovingly refers to as the "Hook-nosed Jit Girl" who has a roomful of guys put condoms on, jack off, remove the things, and give them to her so she can *slurp down the goo*. I'm not sure it qualifies as a "sex

scene", *per se*, but that wouldn't bore me.

Richard Pacheco contributed a great personal story about the time he had to explain his "new career" to his mom and dad. Pacheco was a porn actor, who before letting the folks in on the gig, told them he was acting in local commercials and such. Breaking the news to them was little more than damage control, since one of his slimier cousins happened to see him in the flick "Candy Striped Nurses" and spread the news throughout his family like wildfire.

BNI treats the reader to a more above-board and friendly view of the porn and sex entertainment world than most others. Even the McPorn mags like Playboy and Hustler like to create for the reader this atmosphere of penetrating a strange, foreign land, to let the reader be the kid in the candy store for a few minutes- then back to the stupid car articles. They like to play the devil giving a sneak preview of some ill-sought paradise, which is utter shit. People like to have sex, and why not? Why must we still be ashamed and view having pleasure as dirty or slimy? We were so close to achieving a societal acceptance of sex as a universal pleasure, but right before someone could affirm it, the combination of the AIDS scare and this politically correct horseshit came to the fore. Newsletters like BNI may not go a long way towards changing attitudes, but is here for those who aren't sexually retarded and are able to have fun with sex, whether it be hetero, homo, lesbian or whatever.

THE BLACK FLAME Vol 4, # 3/4

International Forum of the Church of Satan
PO BOX 499
RADIO CITY STATION
NEW YORK NE 10101-0499
\$6

Although in the full-on magazine format, content dictated placement in this section amongst some of the other "voices" of the would-be Paths. I found myself extremely disappointed on three counts. First, the useless us-against-them shit is thoroughly pervasive. Second, virtually no theologically oriented philosophical banter can be found. Third, the writers seem to be under the gun to suck up to Church Of Satan founder Anton LaVey.

Every religious group in America today seems to think that it is they who are being persecuted at every turn. Sure, the word "Satan" is as taboo as they come, but crissake, the pissy whining by a group which contends they are in control of superior

forces made me wonder if the regular cast of writers was replaced for this double issue by the pantywaists at the American Family Association. By the magic of cut-and-paste, let's observe some similarities:

incarceration). Numerous prisons are very "liberal" where religious observances are concerned and some even have multi-million dollar complexes to serve the needs of their inmate population, yet when it comes to allowing Satanists to ritualize, or even have their literature, there has been resistance from some institutional authorities. We have been making headway in this area by demonstrating our credentials as a legally-recognized religious organization

Asylum For Shut-Ins regrets having to announce that we lack the pages to support all of the clips from Christian organizations to match this one from the Satanists:

Our victory is assured as we are in harmony with Nature - avatars of the Universe's Order. We demand that *Lex Talionis* be the rallying cry for a return to justice, and that - as long as this present system lasts - those who are hired to administer justice, and thus act as agents of the state, will leave their religious prejudices at home. Not for nothing did our Satanic founding fathers create a Constitution which demands a separation of church and state.

If He Who Cannot Be Named or Magic or whatever is the force behind them, and they never really make it clear, their message sure conveys WEAKNESS no matter how tough they try to make themselves out to be. A pathetic poem called "I Hate Everyone" reeks of inarticulate teen angst, yet seems fairly representative of what goes on in these pages.

LaVey's name appears on virtually every page. Replace the "Church Of Satan founder" tag with "Socialist Workers Party Leader and Comrade" and, well, you can figure the party line toeing and sleep-inducing happening on these pages.

I thought the whole premise of Satanic behavior was a drive towards self satisfaction of earthly desires. The writers are so wrapped up in angst, tough-guy posturing and sucking up to LaVey, that this notion is totally missing. The only redeeming feature of this incredibly BORING magazine was the extensive section which reviewed other Satanic zines. An incredible disappointment. I hope for their sakes that their lives are more substantial than the vacuous shit that comprised their insipid little "forum".





This isn't a listing for a newsletter, but for lack of a better place to put it, here it is. These folks publish the very expensive *Yearbook of Experts, Authorities & Spokespersons*, which simply lists a bunch of self-appointed experts. Have you ever wondered how certain "experts" are located by media folks for interviews? The media doesn't just happen to know all of these people. Their rolodex isn't infinitely stocked. They turn to this guide.

Any time the ATF goes and plays around with a cult, the media likes to interview a "cult expert". Wouldn't you like to be the one CNN turns to for opinions and information? Hey... All you need is the cash to place an ad in their thing. The standard ad runs some \$300 +, but shit- **think of the exposure!** Get two or three interviews under your belt, write a book (co-authored, of course) and publicize it as having been written by *an authority!* **As seen on CNN!** See that? Instant career! What fun you can have with invented credibility.

CROATAN EXPRESS
842 FOLSOM ST
BOX 235
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94107
\$1



Ambi. Temporary Autonomous Zones. Situationist Hijinx. The Discordian Time Table. This space was once limited but we pressed hard enough and got her to cum. Hard enough? Well, vigorously enough at least. The organ blasts that whey are all dummed. Phre? Never. Someway or another this rubs me the wrong whey, even though I enjoy and subscribe. Huh? Struggle on, little sister. He hit me harder this time, so that I bleed for a day- a whole day. Cops inside my head screech, peeling out the tubing and installation once his the blemishes of conformity. Whey are never freed, only disillusioned. Ambi is not any sort of questioning answer. In fact, I am no longer interested up or down.

-Rev. John X. Piche'

EVIL #5
The Newsletter for True Crime Book Fanatics
PO BOX 476641
CHICAGO IL 60647
\$1

As a study in human folly, serial killers are an excellent specimen and Dan Kelly gives us eight pages of whiz-bang folly. This is best typified in the "Press Klips" section. Much like THE NEWS OF THE WEIRD or THE BLAB, Dan scoured the newspapers for articles on this wacky bunch and neatly paraphrased each into a quick chuckle. The biggest "har-hars" came from the quotes that lined the top of each page. I'll indulge you with but one precious little gem:

"That's why I choked those ladies. It was to get their voices." -Edward Joseph Leonski



The cast reviewed a bunch of books covering the topic, including "A Century of Sex Killers", "The Girl on the Volkswagen Floor", "The Mormon Murders", and "The Jeffrey Dahmer Shrine", among others. In an interview, author Michael Newton tells what drew him to his fascination, reveals his favorites- both authors and serial killers, and expresses his hopes of discovering the existence of more serial killers in the former Soviet Union than the communists let on about.

What's the fascination? I don't know. Do you enjoy watching horror movies? Do you enjoy trashy chop-up flicks? You've all seen them. The dark side of humanity continues to draw our attention just as the six-year old is drawn to the Twinkies. Most of us don't shoot heroin, but we'll stare at a photo of some junkie with a needle in his arm. Most of us don't give head to a dog, but we'll watch someone do it in a porn vid. Most of us just need a little peek every now and then, just to know such things happen. Of course, if you need to get a little closer, Evil lists the addresses of true crime zines, booksellers, museums, and the killers themselves.

MUNDO UPDATE #14
FLYING SACUER INFO CENTER
7803 RUANNE CT
PASADENA MD 21122



Editor/compiler James Wales is carrying on the work of well-documented UFO researcher/kook Laura Mundo (1913-1989). Wales bases his writing on Mundo's premise that the humans face real trouble in a form that can best be explained by viewing the film, *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. Fine. There's the premise. Dispute it if you like.

What I'd like to dispute is a bit of ax grinding performed by Wales, clogging his newsletter with a total aside, completely ignoring the work and spirit of Mundo. He goes on and on about the state of the US economy, especially about the budget deficit. Look. I acknowledge the inherent problems of the funny money budgets left behind by our previous presidents- especially the last two, but *what the hell does that have to do with alien infiltration of the populace?* Eh? If the saucer-folk are going to overtake the humans soon, why should they give a fat rat's fart about some silly national budget? Are the aliens going to decide, "well, the Americans have balanced their budget and have eradicated their deficit... let's let the population of the Earth live... what the fuck..."? What do they care about the ability of bureaucrats to conduct finance? Cripes alive! And why are they concerned about *American* finances? Doesn't the shit in *Bosnia* pique their interest? Come on.

When will infiltration be complete enough to vanquish the humans? How can the average joe find out if his neighbor is one of *them*? Can we convince our legislators to allow us to begin poaching *them*? This is the sort of stuff we NEED to know.



ON GOGOL BOULEVARD
NEITHER EAST NOR WEST
528 FIFTH STREET
BROOKLYN NY 11215

ON GOGOL BOULEVARD is the newsletter of a political action group called Neither East Nor West. The OGB moniker is derived from a Moscow street where underground and counter-culture types congregate. While I didn't actually get a hold of a copy of OGB, I was sent a copy of their article in the Winter edition of *ANARCHY: A JOURNAL OF DESIRE ARMED*

The NENW group has an interesting approach to the methods of protest- they network with other likeminded groups and individuals internationally. The results seem to be far greater than those garnered by the protests on public squares or in parks that we see and tend to dismiss with casual ease. When a New York park protester faced trial after some 20 arrests, a Polish group forwarded a letter to the presiding judge. The just of the letter was that folks in Poland look up to the United States as a model of freedom, and they understood that this parks protester was being tried for exercising his freedom. They expressed sorrow that such a thing could happen in a free place like the U.S. A little international shaming and guilt-tripping goes a long way. Too bad local reason can't go as far, eh?

Most of the information and yes, propaganda, is of an anti-authoritarian bent, certainly anti-communist, yet treading libertarian water. The people of the former East Bloc just want to be left alone. Who can blame them?

For those who believe the recent instituting of capitalism in the East has led to freedom, read on. Without really knowing how to go about the business of starting a nation centered around capitalist enterprise, governments have allowed those holding cash to go to it. Think for a minute. Who had any cash in these systems? Peasant farming types? Factory workers? Of course not. Cash was all held by military personnel and political party hacks. Which party hacks? The communist party hacks. Americans have been quick to frown on Easterners who frown on the new capitalism, probably because we haven't been quick to think it through. The new capitalists are the wolves in the sheep's clothing.

It isn't hard to discern the raw info from the propaganda and rally-cries. Unfortunately, it's even harder to verify information from over there than from here. Odds are, though, that even though the words are coming from jaded and angry typewriters, there is a mountain of truth to the notion that real oppression is going on over there. And we bitch if we don't hit the lottery.

THE NEW ORDER
NSDAP/AO
PO BOX 6414
LINCOLN NE 68506

Opium, Poison, Passion

Here we go. The NEW ORDER is another one of these white power newspapers. They operate on the premise that the American news media is not merely pro-black, but anti-white. Therefore, they offer their paper... just to *even the slate*. Naturally, their assault is all-out and not disguised in the manner they claim the media employs.

Actually, the epithets hurled by the gutteral writers are mildly comical. Oh, you'll find the stock "jungle bunny" and "burnhead" slurs and the like, but I'd be lying if I didn't say that their calling the media the "jews media" and NYC "Jew York City" made me chuckle. The fear of the groups they feel superior to also makes me chuckle.

Oddly, groups like the Klan and the neo-Nazis are often lumped under the microscope of the conspiracy theorists, placing them at the root of one of the many theories. Playing devil's advocate, could we give the neos the benefit of the doubt and assume that there is an anti-white conspiracy?

Allow me to confound those who might say "yes". If one is to accept that there is an anti-white conspiracy, that acceptance would indicate an acceptance of a **superiority** of the "oppressor"- the non-white. This admission would effectively thwart the notion of white "power". Even if they argued that, "oh, we mean that whites are superior to blacks or to Jews, each taken as individuals", they'd still be conceding that whites are inferior to rest collectively. I wonder if these guys have surveyed the logic they employ in their own propaganda?

Here goes with a statement that would really piss off the Schickelgruber Fan Club (for reasons I still don't grasp): reading their paper differs little from reading the old Communist Workers Party papers. Everything revolves around the same three topics (as though they are all there is to life) which end up at the same finality and induces the same yawns. I can never figure why the neo-Nazis hate the commies and neo-commies so much, since the Nazis never struck me as being much different than communists. Both subscribe to some bastard form of socialism. Both wish to dictate culture. Both wish to restrict citizenship status. Both fear the underclasses and the generally oppressed despite pandering heavily to them. Both wish to restrict individual freedoms. Both want individuals to work for The Cause instead of themselves. Both utilize utterly mind-numbing rhetoric which cannot possibly appeal to "the masses". Both wonder why they are so widely ignored or opposed. Am I missing the differences somehow? Who cares?

This particular source sells an astounding array of stuff. They have regalia like swastika pins, SS skull medallions, flags and other junk better stocked head shops carry. If you like to put on your brown shorts and march around your cell, the tapes of German marching tunes might catch your fancy. They have books on Hitler, Hitler's book, Hitler's Reich, Hitler's pals, and even "Hitler, The Unknown Artist". Some of American George Rockwell's speeches are offered on tape as well.

THE MAGICAL LINK Fall 1993
ORDO TEMPLI ORIENTIS
PO BOX 430
FAIRFAX CA 94978



It struck me oddly that the OTO "history issue" left me with the impression that I should have known some OTO history before approaching. Page One reprints the minutes of meetings founding the North American OTO in Vancouver. Following pages have correspondence between Aleister Crowley and (Frater Superior Merlin) Reuss which is quite amicable at first, but ends with Crowley soulding and challenging Reuss, which is fairly entertaining. It seems that Reuss was busy establishing Lodges



Lift up your heads,
Look out!
1992!!! - 1999!!!



across the while world, which thrived until just after his death in the 1920s. To read a Crowley letter of 1916, the impression is that they were on the verge of huge international influence, but in less than 10 years, it had petered out. I wonder why OTO was so happy to print it? I know it's history and all, but less than flattering.

At any rate, I still have no more understanding of what OTO is all about, other than that it is a fraternal brotherhood lodge that is involved in the magical (I learned a new spelling) and mystical. They are Satanists as alleged by anyone who hears the name of Crowley is wont to do, cannot be supported by the text of their newsletter. If they are hiding it, they are doing it well.

One excellent feature of the newsletter is a huge listing of the addresses of all of the Official OTO Bodies worldwide (they even have an *oasis* in Bosnia-Herzegovina) and a list of OTO publications, and -get down- computer bulletin board listings.

-Ed Godard



PAH!
702 MAE ST
KENT OH 44240
send stamps



Mark Morelli prints this monthly newsletter which reads very much like a newspaper op-ed column. Those columnists take a current events type topic and relate their personal experience in a way that makes the average newspaper reader think, "huh, I've had something like that happen to me too... I guess that could've been me". Like any of us could have been Nancy Kerrigan or John Wayne Bobbitt, getting "whacked".

The big difference is that... I don't know. In the three issues we got, he talked about buying Howard Stern's book in a hoity-toity bookstore, smoking toad, and new uses for the word "gilooly". Does that make him any different than, say, Mike Royko? I can't say I found any difference, except that Morelli uses more fifty-cent words than most columnists. The satire we were expecting to find was a bit thin. He was able to depict the animal rights activists, bookish geeks, and late nite TV folk accurately in their flaws, which is nice, but not outstanding.

Here's a bet that other issues have better stuff.

THE REMAIN INTACT "ORGANIZATION
A SMALL VOICE CRYING OUT IN THE
WILDERNESS
BOX 86
LARCHWOOD IA 51241

It was a bit disappointing to have received the first Remain intact newsletter and have only printed matter fall onto my lap. The eye-catching graphics came along with their rants in the very frequent subsequent mailings.

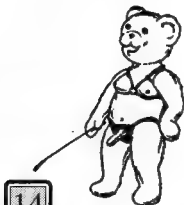
This group is the most adamant of the ANTI-CIRCUMCISION groups going, and their pamphlets make for some pretty amazing clip-art. They have also caused the group some legal troubles, which is also amazing.

The outfit is run by an older preacher. He's gotta be pushing 80, by the looks of the photo on his business card (which looks like it's 20 years old). He's a minister, and as a matter of principle, he believes that circumcision is unnecessary mutilation- child abuse, in short. How ironic would you find it if you discovered that the religious anti-child abuse crusader was run up on **child abuse charges**? Huh! That's just what happened to this guy, thanks to his old dick-snipping pictures. I wrote him asking about the whole issue, but he didn't respond to it. I guess he got off, since he is still operating at the same address as ever with the same name and same old forms. I guess either way, the guy would get off.

Actually, the guy has quite a legitimate point. The procedure is unnecessary. Mostly, it's done for cosmetic purposes. A female friend of mine once told me she'd never blow a guy with an uncircumcised dick, 'cuz it was gross. I doubt parents think about it quite like that, but being a dad and all, and having discussed circumcisions, most just went ahead with it for that reason. As for other concerns, the penis with the foreskin attached just needs more attention- for cleaning, smartie. Anyway, more and more, insurance companies won't pay for circumcisions for many of the reasons the old preacher lists, so he may be getting his way a bit more.

Until then, he'll likely continue putting out these form letters with great housewife testimonials and his own rants. His frequent self-comparisons with Christ are fascinating in and of themselves. Maybe he'll die on a cross to redeem all of the wayward foreskins, chopped off with the permission of parents under Beelzebub's sway.

But hey! Make sure to get your nice, graphic bumper stickers. Even if I did wish to become seriously involved in this cause, I don't think I'd ever put the sticker on the car.



How Uncommon are their Desires? Well, the cover girl looked like she could be, in a stretch, about 16 years old. Of course, 16 year-olds, especially females, have been passing themselves off as being older and getting away with it for ages, earning entrances to bars or other age sensitive establishments while I, in my teens stood outside and even today- thanks to a baby face- still get carded. The photo of a nude girl of about SEVEN years *actually shocked me*. This marks the very first and *only* time I've been shocked by something to come into the Asylum over the past two years.

Many of the tales are recollections by adults of teen sexual experiences, and they're pretty tame, talking about crushes and such. The editorials bang a drum of Constitutional protection and anti-sex fascism and "right-wing nuts". I believe the printing of material like this should be constitutionally protected. That's free speech. Of course, the Mike Diana case proves that free speech won't be protected in Florida. Printing the pictures of naked little girls, then, is free speech, but what is taking the pictures? Probably child abuse. Saying so probably makes me an "anti-sex fascist" or a "right-wing nut". That's fine. If I'm a fascist because I don't believe a 12-year-old is emotionally equipped to deal with issues like sexual consent, then I'm a fascist. *Viva il Duce!* When the lefties call you a right-wing nut and at the same time the righties call you a liberal scum, odds are you're in the right place.

Something about adult men wanting to get it on with little girls under ten doesn't sit right with me, no matter my inclinations toward flat libertarianism. They address issues of consent and abuse and how what these guys are after doesn't constitute the latter, but I'm definitely not convinced of the former. What 12 year-old is mature enough to consent to sexual activity? I feel for these guys in the sense that they have very real emotional, physical, and psychological desires that are bound to go unfulfilled, but too bad. The Goads want to go out and start shooting, and TOO BAD. I'd bet Jim and Debbie even have very real emotional, physical, and psychological desires to do so.

They made the point of congratulating other zines that "had the courage, insight, or humor to mention this zine", but I don't think any courage was necessary. Lookee here at our review! Guts? Nah... The publishers of UDN have guts because, although they believe otherwise, I believe they are breaking Federal law and we can be assured that they'll ALL go to prison if this thing turns up in Florida.

UNIVERSAL CHURCH OF GOD
ROUTE 1
BOX 52
HANNA OK 74845



I'm always game for another end o' the world pitch. It's always a good time when the prophesied day comes, getting the lawn chairs perched in the front yard and a with couple of friends and 40-ouncers gaze at the stars and have some good laughs as we wait in vigil.

The latest? Feast ye eyes!

How Close Are We to The End?

In the past, we have continuously stated that we only have a certain amount of days before Messiah returns, or that we only have a certain amount of months before the Great Tribulation ends. But, how do we know for sure that our timing is correct and that we will not be as so many "great prophets" before us. To answer that question, we will present another group of events which you can rely on as further confirmation

Yahweh, being very bored and fed up, had predetermined that earthly leaders would be corrupt, controlling, and otherwise naughty. He decided that when they did become sufficiently naughty, He would smite them for being as He wished and make earth topsy-turvy. He would make these leaders and example for the righteous, whose strings He would pull in that direction. Yahweh put it in the heads of His earthly scribes that they should write about these things that He planned that would happen in, say, 2000, 3000, even 5000 years, and they wrote about His plan. As planned, earthly leaders became naughty enough to rile up Yahweh as He planned.

This scenario is nothing new. The key is to understand how it is these folks have arrived at the date they did, and why they will be right when others have provided so much entertainment for us in the past, as recently as two years ago in South Korea. The booklet, "The News of the Watchmen" (March 1994) provides such Biblical Knowledge (not that *camel* knowledge... that's the other Biblical Knowledge). Having traced Biblical history, they arrived at the correct time for the beginning of the year. Fuck your calendar, smartie. It's wrong. January First? Pahl! Try Spring. Well, that's just the beginning and besides, you'd probably like to cut through all the hokey and get to the date of Tribulation And Other Crazyiness, right? I'll tell you in a minute, right after explaining why they are so certain this will happen.

In their booklet, "The Shaking of the Heaven and the Earth", good of Revelations 13:5-7 are paraphrased. It sez that, well, look below:

...other places in the Bible. In Revelation 13, verses 5-7, we read that this anti-Christ, anti-Bible government will remain in power for forty-two months, and will overcome the people who obey the Bible, and will have power over all mankind, over the entire earth. And according to Bible prophecy, the 42-month reign of this anti-Christ, anti-Bible government will occur immediately prior to Messiah's return. Thus, it is this anti-Christ, anti-Bible government.

I had to think about it. Who is this demon leader. Since most of these Bible Belt fortune tellers are generally conservative politically, I figured they were talking about Bubba Clinton. The math doesn't add up, however. Bill was inaugurated in January of 1993, giving him only 22 months of Presidency as of October 7, 1994. Ooops. There's the date. Go mark your calendar. Which

nation is our current polit-rival? Uh, Japan? Their prime minister just ascended recently... Uh, Saddam? Nah, he's been in charge for a good while. General Aidid's been a Somali warlord for as long, too. Gosh. Is Boris Yeltsin the Beast? He replaced Gorbys in mid-1992, right? Let's check the math. October, 1994 minus 42 months equals June, 1991. Hmmm... **Who the hell took power in June of 1991??**

Well, they don't come out and identify any one leader because, just as some of our conspiracy researching friends have been telling us for some time now, the leaders of the world, be it political or financial, are all in cahoots against The People. Of course, some of our conspiracy researcher friends would pinpoint the actual takeover as having happened in 1913 when the Federal Reserve Board was initiated, but these folks feel they have that special Biblical insider info that says it happened in June of 1991. I was working as a land surveyor. **What were you up to?**

Interestingly, they've offered up David Koresh and his Waco comedians as a martyr group (let's see, that puts them in league with the NRA and ACLU... odd bedfellows). The destruction of the Branch Davidians was proof that the Government of the Beast is now beginning to kill the Christians! Get out the lawn chairs and the 40-ouncers! **We have a vigil to conduct this fall!** Be sure to pick up these booklets. I'm sure subsequent editions will have battle plans for survival and other goodies. Amazing how this one tied up so many loose ends, isn't it?

ZINES! vol 3 #1
CHRIS MARTIN
221 N BLVD
RICHMOND VA 23220-4033
\$1



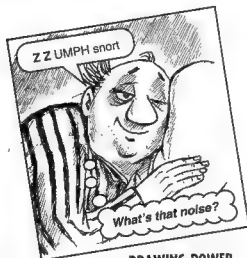
Chris writes reviews for not only this endeavour, but for the unjustifiable large mag GREY AREAS (panned in AFSI #1). Apparently, earlier editions were handwritten between these halcyon days of piecemealing a word processing system together with cheap parts. Now that's dedication!

Chris is dedicated to his zines. It seems odd that someone might spend his time doing on a tremendously smaller scale what *Factsheet 5* already does, but he's dedicated, so he plows on. Ironical too that his project, called *Zines!* looks and reads much more like a newsletter than a zine. In this issue, *Zines!* reviews three efforts by long-time networker Lloyd Dunn.

My first introduction to Dunn was through his radio program RadioStatic and his "group", the TAPE-BEATLES. The weekly, half-hour radio show featured experimental sound artists and the Tape-Beatles took the works of others and rearranged them to create new works - a la NEGATIVLAND, OR PLUNDERPHONICS. Dunn ceased his many activities for three years in support of the Art Strike, which had some support and was publicized a little when first initiated in 1990, but was quickly forgotten. Sad, because the point was a worthwhile one - that art should not be treated strictly as a commodity. Dunn's zine YAWN documents it all.

Those two "groups" are good points of reference, since Martin reviewed Dunn's *Copyright Violation Squad Bulletin*, wherein Dunn comments about the lawsuits brought against them by record companies because each took the works of others, rearranged them, and created brand new works. People get so protective of their stuff, that they can't just laugh when it's made humorous, or even realize that such use is tantamount to free exposure. Obviously, Dunn's activity with the Tape-Beatles indicates his feelings on the subject.

For tackling Dunn, *Zines!* is to be commended. In order to be set apart from F5, Mr. Martin will have to continue to review by theme or personality or what-have-you. Otherwise, why bother? F5 has zine reviews by bulk - en masse, and when dough is tight, what would you do?



**DRAWING POWER -
SPRAY**



"The prose equivalent of R. Crumb and S. Clay. Wilson, aimed at evil speed and Stereo."
Hakim Bey

"Original, frightening, and something not bound by the conventions of good taste."
Toxic Horror

"Apocalyptic trance ravings."
Factsheet Five

"An alluring mixture of pop-culture smut and orgiastic religion."
Retrofuturism

"Alternately terrifying & funny."
Rave Reviews

"Striking and original... zesty and frightening."
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CONGRATULATIONS, HUMANS!

YOU'VE SUCCESSFULLY HALTED YOUR OWN EVOLUTION AND GUARANTEED YOUR OWN DEMISE!

We'd be happy to chip in and *help* them join our long-lost friends, the dinosaurs, in the dreamless sleep of industrial extinction... *if they weren't taking us along with them!!*

THIS FOUND STRICKER IS PROOF!

SAVE ULSTER

FROM SubGeniality



Things didn't just "get" this way. Not even *humans* could cause this much trouble, by *accident*. It had to have been **PLANNED**. It's a **CONSPIRACY**. It is **THE** Conspiracy.

BUT, WHICH CONSPIRACY?

Is it the people who assassinated JFK? Or is it the Masons? Or the Satanists? Is it the MJ-12 Crashed UFOs conspiracy, or the Alternative 3 conspiracy? Is it fluoride in the water, the Watergate burglars, the International Jewish Bankers? What about those who killed Jimi, Janis, Jim, and G.G. (and now Kur(d)! -ed)? And John? And Paul? And Malcolm? And Aunt Betty? And Uncle Sam? And Timmy's hamster? Most of those can be tied in to the basic CIA conspiracy, but... what about the liberal media conspiracy? How is it they're all *owned* by Westinghouse, G.E., and other parts of the *conservative* conspiracy? But then, all the conspiracies are so interlocked and interwoven that when you start looking into one, you inevitably end up being sucked into another and another.

One can endlessly explore the world of conspiracies, intricately detailing its works, mapping its eddies and flows, its secret, subtle currents, its dangers... but one risks succumbing to its apparent friendliness and charm. For it contains within it so many infinitely varying conspiracies of fanatics that there's **BOUND** to be a conspiracy **JUST FOR YOU** to sink into forever! There are plenty to go around; we've started **HUNDREDS** of them ourselves!

Just remember, they're **ALL** false explanations for reality... false because they are "explanations". But they're the kind of secret cabals, plots and juntas we can *love*, because they're sinister and exciting, and concrete; we can get our hands on them. Yet none of these thousands of "little conspiracies" are *nearly* worthy of our grandiose, allpowering **Hate²**. They're separate from us, they're not part of the very **AIR** we **BREATHE**, like the **BIG** Conspiracy. They're real enough, but they themselves don't even know who they're *really* working for. Many of them even "mean well"! But all are just **RAVENING MOUTHS** for a vast *hunger* with *no body*.

The conspiracy that we truly hate, the *real* Conspiracy, isn't one of those fiendishly *clever* ones. It doesn't even *know* it's a conspiracy. It can't! It's a faceless confederacy of dunces, so vast and so broad that it underlies all the lesser conspiracies and permeates all human reality. Quite the opposite of devious, it dominates by merely exploiting the overall, mealy-mouthed, chickenbutt-kissing "Code of Normality" (or **CON**) of **ALL** the Pinks, norm-worms and mere-humes at large. But there is no more insidious and subtle a weapon than that.

This Conspiracy has no face; we know it only by its desires... a great **Mirror** of Disfigurement, it reflects what's wrong with *everyone*. Politics and the petty squabbles of nations are only part of what The Conspiracy manipulates. It is **MUCH BIGGER** than gods and demons, Republicans and Democrats, or Presidents and interlocking corporate directorates; it's everything from the school bully to the wimp principal, from Mom and Dad to the Bobbie in the woodpile.

More than anything else, The Conspiracy is an *attitude*- a *fear*- a PINKNESS. A cancer of the imagination, the hatred of the real, the yearning for "cuteness", the eagerness to obey... and the lack of TRUE faith in "Bob" Dobbs! Oh, People LOVE "new" things- like Michael Jackson is "new" compared to The Beatles. But if, say, a REAL JESUS were to appear, well, it might just look a bit TOO new to be *allowed to run loose for long*.

This fear of the unfamiliar permeates society; it's what lets the Con get away with REAL MURDER on a massive scale. Guaranteeing obedience requires little effort on the part of any Conspiracy "ringleaders"; the stinking Normals happily supply the obedience themselves. The obvious injustices and insanities written into law books by Illuminati bigwigs are insignificant compared to the *little things*- the unspoken agreement with the status quo, the unthinking daily cowardices, the subtle put-downs, the judgmental gossip and all the mundane venalities that make up *human nature*: the Hanna-Barbera cartoons, the "infotainment" programs with concealed brainlock stimuli, the Rush Limbaugh bumper stickers, the Caucasian Christians for Commerce, the grade school Turn In Your Parents program, the saccharine voice of "Barney", the Fashion Fascists, the MTV-style hamburger commercials, the Denver Boot, Line Dancing, the Professional Victims, the Food Fascists, the Super Mario Brothers, Steven Spielberg, Chuck E. Cheese, Robert Dole, Mickey's Toontown, cute boxer shorts with "hip" designs, people who spell their names all in lower-case letters, etc.

This nation, this WORLD is BLOATED and SWAYING DRUNKENLY with the stench of Pinkness on its breath. So it isn't YOUR fault if things just continue to go more and more wrong until one day you SNAP OUT OF IT and realize that there REALLY ARE billions of TORMENTED SOULS BURNING IN HELL, and *YOU'RE ONE OF 'EM...* That last, frantic, dying shriek of your soul going under will be the *only sign* that you have made the transition into the peaceful netherworld of blinkered Pink indifference.

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE SODIUM PENTATHOL!

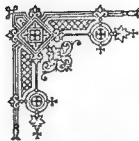
-Rev. Ivan Stang

-The above item, an excerpt from Stang's forthcoming Simon & Schuster book, The Bob Apocrophon, was pilfered from the SubGenius Metroplex by our agents in the wee hours of a rainy March night. Quite an interesting tale, that...

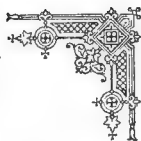
It seems the team's Plan A of slipping payola to the night watchman failed rather abruptly when after some preparatory and ceremonial drinks were consumed, our driver lost control of the limousine and crashed right into the estate's guardhouse.

The guard keel hauled us, er, our agents up into a 37th floor office where, behind a locked door they began to sweat out an interrogation. The guard, having poured several mugs of coffee down his guzzard soon needed to return his rented drink. In his absence, one nervous agent grabbed a computer disk. It happened to contain the above segment! What luck! And with a quick call to Stang's harem, the Asylum agents were identified and dismissed and told "Next time ring the damned buzzer!"





De Catalogs



A&B VIDEO DISTRIBUTION
955 W LANCASTER RD STE 430
ORLANDO FL 32809

It was suggested in *BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED #2* (see pg. 10) that these folks were a great source for truly unusual stroke flicks. Not being one to just take anyone's word for anything, I got a hold of the catalog myself. Henceforth, if the folks at BNI say it's night, I'll believe it even if the blinding sun is *burning a hole in my retinas*.

You know how membership or order forms have those "pep phrases" that are supposed to make you *really want* whatever crud is being sold? Try these on for sizes:

**WANT KINKY
VIDEOS ?**

**WANT WILD
VIDEOS ?**

**WANT
UNCENSORED
EUROPEAN
VIDEOS ?**

**WANT TO SEE
WILD BONDAGE
VIDEOS ?**

**WANT TO SEE GIRLS WHO
SHOVE HUGE
OBJECTS UP THEIR
PUSSY & ASS ?**

**WANT TO SEE THIS
GIRL PUTTING HER
HAND UP HER OWN
PUSSY OR BUTT ?**

**THEN JOIN OUR
CLUB NOW !!**

The titles and topics indicate in a hurry that they are mainly catering to the tastes of heterosexual men, which is fine. There are a few exceptions, but they really are few. Anyway, the titles can do more to prove that their flicks aren't the fluff one might find on cable or even the regular, old-in-out stuff. Observe: "Kinky Grandmas", "The Cum Eating Contest", "Male Slave", "Drink My Milk And Cum In My Mouth", "Shave My Husband", "Older Ladies Love Gang Bangs Too", etc. Name your preference, fetish, or curiosity. Odds are, *they have it*.

Never content with their current line-up of flicks, they seek amateur flashing videos (especially), and, get this, *they pay \$10 per minute of flashing video!* Need \$600 in a jiffy? *Why not have your significant other drag out the vidcam for an hour?* They aren't kidding when they say it's "better than a tax refund". After all, a tax refund is the result of having overpaid the government and allowing it to earn interest on your wages when you could have done the same!

Here's one thing I really like. They spend Page One laying the cards on the table—as well they should! Shouldn't adults be able to have access to any sort of info and entertainment they might like to receive? Shouldn't they also be informed of the dangers inherent in performing the acts depicted in the unprotected-ass-fucking entertainment they might wish to purchase? The A&B folks do these things. I'd call it a responsible exercising of freedom within a democratic system. Nonetheless, *they aren't allowed to* sell videos to residents of the states of Alabama, Utah, and Florida. I guess notions such as *freedom* and *individual discretion* are repugnant in these states. Ironical that *this firm operates in one of the very states they cannot sell within!* What a sad, sad thing it is (see Florida commentary in our zine review section). Obviously, you'll need an age statement to get the catalog.

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
7563 LAKE CITY WAY NE
SEATTLE WA 98115
\$1

They call it the "Ultimate Comics Catalogue" and why not? See Bostwick's reviews of some of their titles in the zines section, but be advised that those are less than the beginning of a litany of comics—mostly of the adult variety. No less than 35 of the covers of comic they peddle show nekkid dicks or tits or suggest some sort of sexual activity. Titles like *Freaks*, *Young Witches*, *The Art of Spanking*, and *Jizz* are self-explanatory and are rounded out with stuff from classic underground heroes like R. Crumb, Josh and Alan Friedman, Kim and Simon Deitch, Joe Coleman, and reprints of old stuff like *Pogo*, *Popeye*, and *Prince Valiant*.

Just as the Loompanics catalog has books by all the other kook publishers, Fantagraphics has fringe comix by all the other fringe comix publishers. Knowing this, what are you going to do, go to the mall on a futile search? Fuckin' asshole.

-Ed Godard

FERAL HOUSE
PO BOX 3466
PORTLAND OR 97208-3466

The short, thin catalog more than makes up for its lack of quantity with apparent quality. Quality oozes from the pages straight onto the fingers of the eager beholder.

It seems that FERAL is the actual producer of its short list of books. Although they don't come out and say "this is what we do", this seems to be the case since they go on and on describing each book in ways that only the PR arms of the publishers themselves do. No knock, though. We're talking about quality, man.

The goods? Start with one Laird Wilcox, and his book *Crying Wolf: Hate Crime Hoaxes in America*. A potential firebomb, if you ask me. What group would want to be exposed as one which cries wolf in order to unfairly tarnish their ideological opponents? This book does such expose's. Wilcox's *SPECTRUM* (reviewed in AFSI #1. Break down and buy a copy. It's just a lousy \$2.50, postpaid even!) Sheesh. Soon it'll be a collectors item and some scumbag will be selling 'em for like 10 bucks each. Don't say you weren't warned.) is as thorough and literally complete source of ALL political organization active in the US today. Highly recommended and worth the \$15 from Wilcox: SPECTRUM/PO BOX 2047/OLATHE KS 66061.

Editor Jim Keith's *Secret And Suppressed* would be a veritable treasure trove to those who follow the conspiracy/mind control trail. Several topics, ranging from Jonestown, neo-Nazis, "actual" world history, AIDS plots, and more are explored.

Josh Friedman's *Tales Of Times Square* tells all about the sleaze and sex scene on the Square. I know I had reservations about prowling around the Square when I was last in NYC. I always like to get foreign language porn—especially Oriental porn. Of course, my tastes in porn are incredibly tame and casual as is shown by Friedman.

On the somewhat lighter side, Rudolph Grey's book *Nightmare And Ecstasy* covers the genius who gave us the Bad Film classic "Plan 9 From Outer Space" and used a walking freak show for the casts in his films (Vampira, Criswell, Tor Johnson, etc.). Wood was ever the victim of

skimpy budgets and unreasonable time constraints which inevitably resulted in amazing displays of imagination and improvisation. Grey, if I'm not mistaken, has created some interesting instrumental sounds for New Alliance Records. Using the usual rock and roll instruments, Grey created some truly interesting and occasionally annoying scree.

Well, there is plenty more from the likes of demented artist Joe Coleman, Satanist Anton LaVey, and others who may lack name recognition, but their topics may grab you. They've got end-times stuff, unabashed hetero lust, an 'expose' of California's harsh juvenile offender system, and something they describe as "the most gruesome religious document of all time" which features the art of Coleman, Peter Bagge, Daniel Clowes, Savage Pencil, Crispin "Hellion" Glover, Mark Mothersbaugh, Manson, Gacy, and others.

Yikes! Kill for this catalog if they want send one to you. Odds are you won't have to go through that much bother though.

LOOMPANICS UNLIMITED
PO BOX 1197
PORT TOWNSEND WA 98368
\$5

Okay, so you've absorbed a whole bunch of this stuff and you've concluded, "I'd like to get mounds of this stuff". Fine, but where to start? You may decide to just start at the beginning and write, write until writer's cramp turns your arm into a pretzel. Others may say, "the hell if I want all of those things... I just want *this*", and they'll write for that. A few of you will conclude, "now that I've written to all of them, I still need more".

What has this got to do with the Loompanics catalog? Well, no matter your desire for these sorts of items, Loompanics has oodles of titles tackling more oodles of subjects to the extent that if you had \$1000 to piss away on books tomorrow, you'd probably still be about \$3000 short of getting everything you want.

Really. They have **everything**. The catalog is 280+ pages thick. Thick is the operative word, hence the cover price. Here's an incredibly abridged list of topics entertained: counterfeiting, tax evasion, smuggling, privacy, survival, revenge, theft, hacking, picking locks, hand-to-hand combat, homemade weaponry, death, human sacrifice, dumpster diving, food, squatting, sex, drugs, religion, Satan, TV, film, mind expansion, plagiarism, science, health, UFOs, and *goddamn*, a whole ton more. We've listed catalogs from other book houses and publishers and ALL OF THEIR STUFF seems to be sold by Loompanics too. If you like the idea of buying stuff all at once from one place, this is the place.

GOOD IMPRESSIONS RUBBER STAMPS
PO BOX 33
SHIRLEY WV 26434-0033

The staff had fun lining the pages of the first two issues with clippings from turn of the century Sears catalogs. We just love the old graphic style. Photos were never used in those days. All depictions came from the crusty hands of some old wood carver in the form of incredibly detailed woodcuts. Isn't it ironic that now that graphic artists are armed with computers and don't have to go through all the trouble of physical, mechanical processes the detailing in most publications is as streamlined, and therefore, as *bland* as Knox gelatin.

Praise the cottage industry! One look at the catalog is like taking a trip back to the Gay '90s, and hurrah! If I *ever* am inclined to pay to have someone do my typesetting and layouts, these are the folks. Of course, I'd *never* pay someone to do what I can do, but man, it's a tempting proposition. They're really nailed the spirit of an era here. What's more, you can have every single image for your own use!

There are literally hundreds of images to suit any rubber stamping situation. Tired of writing, "FOR DEPOSIT ONLY" on the backs of checks? Need a better way to tell the Post Office not to squash your package? How's about a "TREAT WITH RESPECT" stamp? Maybe you need a unique gift for a friend who is a car, train, airplane, animal, nature, country theme, etc., nut. Look no further, friend. They can even suit custom orders. If you still aren't convinced, look around this mag's pages. Several of the doodads we call art have come courtesy Good Impressions. Prices are cheap to boot. Go to it.

SPACE AND TIME WORLD ENTERPRISES
JOHN TRUBEE- SOLE PROPRIETOR
PO BOX 4921
SANTA ROSA CA 95402

On any other day, I might have just picked out a few of Trubee's tapes and reviewed them, but today I don't feel like leaving anything out. Mr. Trubee has been recording his stuff for some 20 years now and if you listen to late night college radio, chances are you have heard some of his things without knowing who the creep is.

My first introduction to the "art" of John Trubee was via his "Blind Man's Penis" 7" record. I saw an ad for it in *Maximum RockRoll*, institution that it is, about 10 years ago and knew instantly that I HAD to have that record. The guy read one of those "send yer lyrics and we'll make a country music record" ads in the *National Enquirer* or any other one of those sleazy grocery store tabloids, and decided to send something truly offensive- just to see if they'd press it. Needless to say, they did. The tinny, stock country twang was accompanied by a tinny, stock singer's twang, warbling stuff about UFOs, mama's titles, tripping, and a blind man's hard-on. Over the years, Trubee has engaged in dozens of other noteworthy projects.

"Calls to Idiots" is a series of prank calls done mostly 10-20 years ago. One fucked up sample appeared on the b-side of the "Blind Man's Penis" record. It was a prank on a motel desk clerk and wound up with what sounded like Trubee blasting off in a spaceship. "The Mark Knopfler Calls" tape is a crack-up. A guy calls people, mostly young women, and under the guise of the Dire Straits singer, tries to pick them up by offering them stuff. Other "celebrity" stuff includes the "Celebrity Swearing" tape, which really captured the voices of notables going on like normal human beings rather than in the presentational mode we usually get to see and hear them in. You may be familiar with the Casey Kasem bits from the ill-fated *Negativland* "U2" CD. Other voice tapes include the "Whipped Dog Tape" (a whining man who sounds to Trubee like a, well, whipped dog), the "Crying Bitch Tape" (you finger it out), and the "Lucious Tate Calls". Some guy called a bunch of rural black folk and fucked with them. Here's the interesting crux. Trubee makes it clear that he feels that there are some people who deserve such calls, such as the wealthy, the white-collared, the gullible, the stupid, etc, while there are others who don't, like the working poor, the blue-collared, etc. He was interviewed in an article on the psychological effects of such activities in *GRAY MATTERS* magazine (Vol 2 No2, \$3.50 to: PO Box 808 / Broomall PA 19008-0808).

He was (is?) also involved in several bands over the years, perhaps the best known was the Ugly Janitors Of America, who produced tapes with titles like "World Of Lying Pigs", "Oceanic Neon Turnpike", "Mister Shit Dies In Hell" (a live tape), "Strange Hippie Sex Carnival", etc. He's also done insane poetry in "Bullfrog Embryo", "The Last Dwarf Drops His Pants", and "What Will The Neighbors Think".

For the most part, it is the fan of the obnoxious and infantile that will be delighted most by the Trubee collection. Good laughs at the expense of pathetic human beings. Mmmmmmmmm.



RRRECORDS
151 PAIGE ST
LOWELL, MA 01852

I remember my introduction to the worlds of the underground, suppressed, scorned, etc., in the fondest light. My new oddball friends and I were always so eager to prove to the squares how different we were. *Shit. That was easy.* In my Catholic high school setting (*all-male* for a year), I was surrounded by wanna-be doctors, lawyers, accountants-you know, cannon fodder. It was like trying to be more alive than a rotted corpse. Amongst one another, the competition was downright *serious*. The contest for status among a bunch of freaks seeking upward mobility can be as gruesome and vicious as the scramble between to Naval officers vying for the last piece of Tailhooktail. When ever I wanted to win the "I listen to the weirdest music" contest, all I had to do was trot out the latest RRR release. One minute of the PGR, Merzbow, or Emil Beaulieu records would have my punk rock friends writhing in agony, begging me to turn the "noise" off. "*Memories*"...

Those were RRR's early days. They just marked their 10th anniversary with a great double CD set (see review elsewhere) and recently reached release number 100, which they celebrated with a 7" record which had tiny snippets of sound, *each* followed with a locked groove! It was annoying as hell to try to listen to, but made for *great* radio. These days, RRR's offerings of stuff put out by other record labels absolutely dwarfs the list of their own goods. Specialty type labels from around the globe like Silent, Banned, Charnal House, Stomach Ache, Byhaast/Mantra, United Dairies, Extreme, Cold Meat Industry and dozens more are represented. All formats, vinyl, cassettes, CDs, videos, etc. are available. The common denominator is style. It's often rather adventurous, much is quite abrasive, some is virtually unlistenable, but none is perfectly average, pretty, or quaint. If you really want something that is out there or extreme, don't fuck around with pussyfooting Satanic heavy metal. That stuff would probably strike the RRR folks in the same manner as a Billy Joel CD would strike the metal dudes.

And what the hell. Trotting out the latest RRR release is still a great way to clear the room of unwanted guests.

NOTICE:

RRR is staging its' annual auction once again. They are offering about 1000 titles of things found in their regular catalog as well as long gone stuff. Other items are rarities, personalized, and out of print. It's a pretty mind blowing list. Auction ends May 1, 1994, so hurry if interested. Send a large SASE. Two 29-cent stamps would do.

INTERNATIONAL UFO CENTER
PO BOX 691388
ORLANDO FL 32869

What had been a retail store in the land of fairy tales and cartoons has been reduced to a mail order outfit by a landlord who saw fit to double to rent on short notice. That's a shame, since Orlando could use at least *one* retailer that deals less with fiction than with fact.

What the heck, all the goodies are still available via this swell catalog. There is a wide array of "regular" stuff like trading cards and T-shirts bearing messages like "my other car is a UFO" and "UFOs are real- ask NASA" and nifty saucer rubber stamps. Nearly 100 related book and video titles are offered with a few prophecy type titles for sale as well. Top of the heap, though, is the list of innovative UFO worship items. I've hunted garage sales and flea markets high and low, and have never stumbled across ceramic UFO night lights, table lamps, wind chimes, alien busts, neckties, refrigerator magnets, and perhaps best of all, the book ends. Book ends? What's so hot about book ends? Well, they're ceramic and depict a UFO crash scene with *little dead aliens* scattered all about the ceramic landscape!

For those who are serious about the decor of their shrine room, consider yourself pointed in the proper direction.

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VIDEO WASTELAND cat. #2
214 FAIR ST
BEREA OH 44017

These locals don't have a store, *per se*. What they have is a mail order vid rental service, which is a great concept, especially if saddled in Cornstalk, Iowa. I mean, would you wanna make the mind numbing trek from Iowa to suburban Cleveland? Of course not. Don't be silly, tough guy.

The catalog lists all those great horror, exploitation, cult, etc., flicks that you thought only existed in the minds of the editors of zines like *PSYCHOTRONIC VIDEO* or *TRASH COMPACTOR*. They really exist and you can have them mailed to you!

Check out some off the titles: "Bloodthirsty Butchers", "Blood Diner", "Cannibal Holocaust", "Chopper Chicks In Zombietown", "Exorcismo Negro", "Nail Gun Massacre", "A Polish Vampire In Burbank", "Basic Autopsy Procedure", "The Sex and Violence Family Hour", "Images of the Convent", "Entrails of the Virgin", etc. If you seek films from certain directors, they have stuff from Ed Wood, Herschell Gordon Lewis, Lucio Fulci, Jess Franco, *et al*. I always go for the Asian sleaze and they have plenty. Next time you throw a party, rent a few of these instead of letting MTV run all night, ok?

One catch is that you must have a credit card or plunk down a deposit. Can't blame them for it though. I wouldn't be found sending my stash of cool vids across the planet without some means of covering my ass. Rent three at a time at the seemingly high cost of \$6 each, but shit. If you have friends over to watch, you can have them chip in, and besides, you'll probably just hook up the second VCR and dub a copy anyhow. Where else can you rent these suckers, huh, smart guy?



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A better name would be "Things You Forgot Existed". A quick flip through these pages causes instant *deja vu*, bringing to mind those pages of cheap ads on all the comics I read as a little kid. I'm not talking about those "sell seeds! make money! win prizes!" ads, but the ones that sell the cigarette through coin trick, the two-headed nickel, those cheesy x-ray glasses, exploding golf balls, bald head masks, itching powder, and mountains of other perfectly worthless, tacky, yet irresistible junk. Yulks and gee-gaws and nothing else.

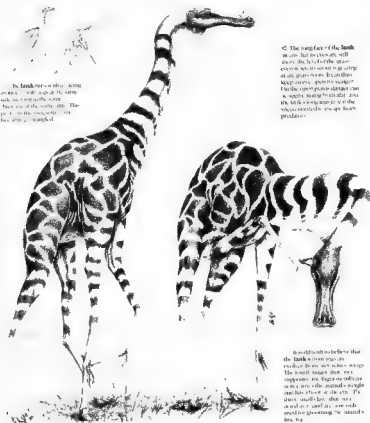
-Ed Godard

Readings in Parallel Studies #1

No doubt most of you who have read the *Journal of the Institute for Parallel Studies* know that it was not by far the first literary exploration of alternate worlds. In fact, this theme has grown in popularity of late in the Science Fiction community.

Again and again we hear about the Confederacy winning the Civil War, Napoleon winning at Waterloo or Kennedy escaping assassination, and make no mistake, some of these stories are very entertaining. However, some writers have taken upon themselves the slightly different task of serving up alternative biologies. This requires a thorough and rigorous background in science both to write and to read as well as to comprehend. It is a few of those which we will discuss today.

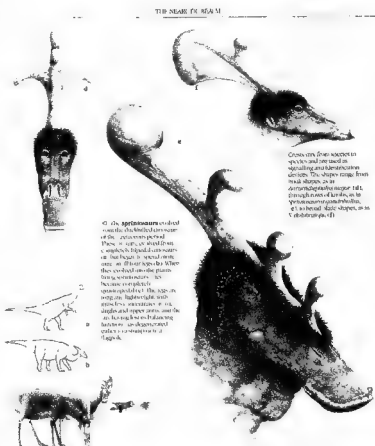
Dougal Dixon, who gave us the remarkable "After Man: a Zoology of the Future", also produced a peculiar alternative view of our own time. In the "New Dinosaurs: an Alternative Evolution" (Salem House, \$19.95), we are asked to imagine that no great K/T (Cretaceous/Tertiary) event took place resulting in a great extinction 65 million years ago. The result? Mammals remain in the zoological background while the dinosaurs continue to evolve through the climactic changes of the Cenozoic Era filling all of the ecological niches occupied in our reality by birds and mammals. In many cases the resemblance is startling. The Monocorn, although a certopsian dinosaur, might just as well be an American Bison.

[illegible]

It is difficult to believe that the tank is front loaded, especially in the new series, which is front loaded with two vignettes, the first on stability and the second on the national development plan for the year. To place matters less than one meter in a unit, it is not only a good way to get the most of the

Alternative Biologies

by Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger



At 41% *sprinklesaurus* evolved from the less diversified lineage of the *tylosaurus* subgenus. Phase 1 is represented by *tylosaurus* and *tylosaur*, which evolved from a single, less specialized lineage (one of the two groups). When they evolved into the plants, being more specialized, because one species (*sprinklesaurus*) evolved from the less specialized lineage, and the other (*tylosaurus*) evolved from a more specialized lineage (one of the two groups).

Crests are from rosette in species and are used in signalling and orientation devices. The shape range from isak shapes, as in *Zenaidura macroura* (Fig. 1), through series of humps, as in *Myiarchus cinerascens* (Fig. 2), to broad, flat shapes, as in *C. albertensis* (Fig. 3).

Likewise, the Taddoe resembles the Giant Panda although it also is a small dinosaur. The Lank, a pterosaur descendant, has come to fit into the "mold" of a giraffe. The glossy illustrations which accompany the somewhat sparse text show these animals even to have similar markings to their counterparts on the real world. Although this is a remarkably pretty presentation, it does not show the wild imagination of some of the other entries in the field.



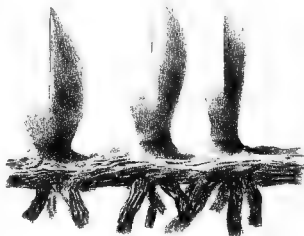
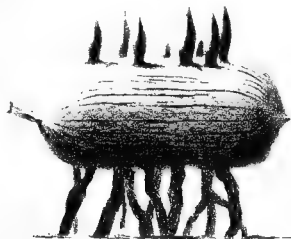


Pl. XX Artisia

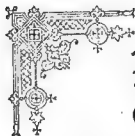


Pl. XY Compertina

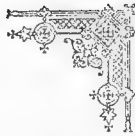
"Parallel Botany" by Leo Lionni (\$12.95 Knopf) is almost too strange to fathom. This incredibly detailed volume deals with an entirely unknown living Kingdom which is, at least partly, hyper dimensional. The Parallel Plants look only vaguely plant-like. That is, they look more like plants than they do anything else. They are as often as not completely insubstantial, although those which have substance can have it in all degrees- from those that will crumble to nothingness if looked at too hard, to those which cannot be penetrated by any method known to science. Even the names of the plants are vague in meaning, but somehow suggestive. The *Germinants*, the *Tubolara*, the *Solea*, and the *Artisia* are all hanging in the hinterlands of reality. The publisher has labeled this book as "satire", but satire of what in particular is also unclear. Perhaps it is satire of the academia of the scientific community, or perhaps of nature itself. What I think makes this book the best of the lot is that you will know no more about the subject when you put it down as when you picked it up, thus making it one of the wondrous mysteries of the required readings for the parallel scientist.



Pl. XXII The Cadriano germinants



The FreeNet




I'm anything *but* an expert computer user. I bumble around and waste time like it's going out of style. Even still, I can handily find my way around the InterNet system which links several of the FreeNet systems.

FreeNets are generally operated by universities because they can afford to do so for free. Ah, the occasional benefits of pork barrel funding for the common joe. These FreeNets are quite separate from the commercial services such as CompuServe or America On-Line, which charge monthly user fees as well as fees for special services. Because I can't really afford to subscribe to any of those services, I use the FreeNet set up by Case Western Reserve University just outside of Cleveland. The world of information contained herein is so vast and ever-expanding, I'm not sure I would subscribe *even if I could* afford to since so much is just waiting to be tapped like sap from the maple tree in the backyard.

AMAZING MINICOMICS

by



Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger ♦ Tony Fitzgerald
Scott Getchell ♦ Seth Feinberg ♦ Lennie
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All the user need is a computer, a modem, communications software, and a phone line. To register with the Cleveland (and recently, Dayton's) FreeNet, I dialed the number and logged on as a visitor when prompted. From there I requested permission to register as a user. They will send (or you can print out) user info and waiver forms. Both are to certify age at 18+ to grant access to all free speech areas, and user data that could be used to represent part of their experiment. *Just guessing.* I do know that some FreeNets are more interested in accomodating their own communities. Therefore, it may be advisable to concoct an affiliation with the host university, if necessary.

Until accepted as a registered user, one can log-on as a visitor and be able to read many of the newsgroups and bulletin boards, but contribute to and none of them nor send or receive electronic mail. About two weeks after sending forms, I was registered and granted full access to the system.

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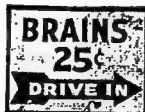
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The InterNet, short for International Network, is just one of the avenues found within most FreeNets. In addition to the InterNet, most offer access to local library catalogs, local bulletin boards, multi-user conversation areas (hi-tech party lines), electronic mail services, connections to other FreeNets even, and a host of other options. I like to go straight for the Usenet bulletin boards in the FreeNet system.

Usenet has a series of initial classifications the user may choose from. The "alt" newsgroup is the one that houses many of my favorite free-for-all discussion groups... like:

alt.addiction	alt.satanism
alt.barney	alt.slack
alt.bbs	alt.spanking
alt.binary.pics	alt.sports
alt.conspiracy	alt.tasteless
alt.flame	alt.television
alt.kooks	alt.usenet.kooks
alt.media	alt.zines
alt.music	

Lots of them are nice for pretty practical stuff like... My preference being what it is, I like to go for the kook stuff.

Be advised: Reading the material on the Usenet can be hazardous to your health. The Surgeon General has noted the extreme wasting of time and energy by the *silly bozos* who allow themselves to be completely taken by the discussion contained within. Never mind the damage peering at a screen will do to your retinas, smartie. Taking this stuff seriously will drive you bananas. Then again, if you've read this far and haven't blown a gaspet, you'll probably be OK.

The following is a list of FreeNets. Hopefully, one is within your area code. Again, the hookup is generally free- I've yet to hear of a FreeNet that charges any sort of fees at all; the only expense will be the cost of the phone call. I'm lucky enough to have the Cleveland FreeNet fall within the range of a local call. My only cost is my time and electricity. I'm getting better at reducing the time expenditure. Really.

In fact, after a few uses, it isn't hard to hone the skills of the hunt. That would be neither here nor there if you lacked the phone number of the FreeNet nearest to you. Here is a list of as many FreeNets as we could muster up. We know that more exist. Please e-mail us with the number of any FreeNet or interesting private (yet free) bulletin board that you know of at: ee662@cleveland.freenet.edu. In fact, please forward any information you might want to that you think might be of interest or of use, like MIAs, kook literature sources, net.nuts, etc.

FREENETS

Cleveland (OH) FreeNet	216-368-3888
Lorain County (OH) FreeNet	216-366-9721
Medina County (OH) FreeNet	216-723-6732
Youngstown (OH) FreeNet	216-742-3072
Tri-State OnLine (Cincinnati, OH)	606-781-5575
Dayton (OH) FreeNet	513-229-4373
Great Lakes (Battle Creek MI)	616-969-4536
National Capital FreeNet (Ottawa, ONT)	613-780-3733
Buffalo (NY) FreeNet	716-645-6128
Ocean State (Providence RI)	401-831-4640
Heartland FreeNet (Peoria, IL)	309-674-1100
PrairieNet (Champaign-Urbana IL)	217-255-9000
Columbia (MO) Online Info Network	314-884-7000
Ozark Regional (Springfield MO)	417-869-6100
Denver (CO) FreeNet	303-270-4865
Talahassee (FL) FreeNet	904-488-5056
Rio Grande (El Paso, TX)	915-775-5600
Victoria (BC) FreeNet	604-595-2300
Big Sky (MT) Telegraph	406-683-7600
CIAO (Trail, BC)	604-368-5764
Erlangen-Nuernberg (Germany)	+49-9131-85-8111
Wellington City Network (NZ)	+64-4-801-3060

Several more cities have FreeNets set up, but are only accessible via the Nets above. To connect with them, you use the e-mail address of the FreeNets below. We contacted several of the moderators of these Nets, and they've ALL indicated a desire to acquire their own direct dial lines. Many are in the process of doing so. Stay tuned! A direct-dial FreeNet in your area code = free access!

Akron (OH) Regional FreeNet... Capital Region (Albany NY) Information Service... New Mexico (Albuquerque) Free-et... Anchormet (Anchorage AK)... 404 FreeNet (Atlanta GA)... Austin (TX) FreeNet... Baton Rouge (LA) FreeNet... FreeNet Bayreuth (Germany)... Lehigh Valley (Bethlehem PA) FreeNet... Calgary (AB) FreeNet... Canton (OH) FreeNet... Cape Breton (NS) FreeNet... Shawnee (Carbondale, IL) FreeNet... Triangle (Chapel Hill NC) FreeNet... Charlotte's (NC) Web... Midnet (Columbia SC)... North Texas (Dallas) FreeNet... Davis (CA) FreeNet... Greater Detroit FreeNet... Community Service Network (Easton MD)... Edmonton (AB) FreeNet... Fairfield (IO) FreeNet... Seflin (Fl Lauderdale FL) FreeNet... Tarrant County (TX) FreeNet... Maine (Freeport) FreeNet... Grand Rapids (MI) FreeNet... Michiana (Granger IN) FreeNet... Greenet (Greenville SC)... GreencoNet (Greenwood SC)... Chebucto (Halifax NS) FreeNet... CPBI (Hartford CT) FreeNet... Finland (Helsinki) FreeNet... The Aloha (Honolulu HI) FreeNet Project... Houston Civnet... Tennessee Valley (Huntsville AL) FreeNet... Lima (OH) FreeNet... Greater Pulasaki (Little Rock AR) FreeNet... Los Angeles FreeNet... Melbourne (AUS) FreeNet... Miami FreeNet... Twin (MN) Cities FreeNet... FreeNet Du Montreal... New Orleans FreeNet... Medborgarnas (Norrkoping Sweden)...

Article #860 (940 is last):
Newsgroups: alt.usenet.kooks
From: bediger@teal.csn.org (Bruce Ediger)
Subject: PERIODIC REPOSTING OF NET.NUT FAQ
Date: Sat Feb 12 18:00:24 1994

This FAQ is a partial enumeration of net.entities that are generally considered to be "netloons" of one sort or another. It is an enumeration because actual criteria for discerning and predicting looniness have not been discovered or agreed upon.

This FAQ does not shy away from sticky issues like "MY OS is better than your OS", unlike some other FAQs we could mention. It concentrates on four different types of netloons:

Single Issue Ideologues - grind their axe into dust.

Kibozers - use automated tools to seek out and respond to certain key phrases or words.

Crack-of-all-Trades - entities that advocate a baffling and inconsistent array of ideas.

Flame Baiters - Entities that solely and only post "flame bait", off-topic extremely flammable and controversial material.

There is some overlap of the categories. "Serdar Argic" has a narrow range of ideas he/she/it/they post about endlessly, and also appears to use automated tools to find articles to follow-up.

SINGLE ISSUE NET.NUTS

NET.NUT

THESIS

Gary Stollman	Replicants are taking over the world. No longer active, may have been replicated.
Serdar Argic	Armenians killed 2.5 million Turks and Kurds, 1914-1920.
David Davidian	Turks killed 1.5 million Armenians and a bunch of Kurds.
C. J. Lasner	Assembly language programming is Good and Necessary.
Phil Hallam-Baker	You should Worship DEC software/hardware/Unix sux.
Ted Holden	The Earth was once a moon of Saturn.
Herman Rubin	Modern programming languages aren't what I need.
J. Giles	The C programming language is one huge mistake.
Masataka Ohta	Window systems and shared libraries are useless.
Jack Schmidling	The US government and media are controlled by Zionists.
Clayton Cramer	All homosexuals implicitly support child abuse.
Nick Szabo	Humanity is threatened with imminent population implosion.
Alexander Abian	Time has Inertia.
Arthur Scribner	Aristotle was an Egyptian, and was black.
E. Alan Idler	Boys over 5 years should not sleep in same bedroom or they will go to hell.
Jack Sarfatti	There must be some way to use quantum mechanics for faster-than-light communication.
Robert Bernecky	APL on IBM S/370 beats the pants off anything else.
Chak Ho	Some weirdness about China and Hong Kong.
Hannu Poropudas	Space Potato, daughter is a prophet of God.
Snarfy	Newtonian gravity theory is false. Actually retracted his pathetically absurd statements.

Ralph Taite Abortion is murder.
David Sternlight POP is Bad. Authorities have your best interest at heart.

KIBOZERS

NET.NUT

RESPONDS TO:

James "Kibo" Parry	Responds to virtually any mention of his Name, Usenet-wide. Also apparently looks for clever variations on his Name. Uses the "agrep" unix utility.
Peter Trei	Responds to any mention of a few key words, like "Mason" or "Illuminati", Usenet-wide. Search tool(s) used unknown.
Larry Wall	Responds to most mentions of "perl", Usenet-wide. Uses perl program named "clip".
Serdar Argic	Responds to mentions of "Turkey" ("Turkiye"), "Armenia", "Cyprus" and his/her/its/their own name. Looks in selected newsgroups. Search tool unknown.
Other entities that may Kiboze, but don't give enough evidence for more than mere suspicion are:	
US Government's National Security Agency	
Dennis M Ritchie, one of the co-creators of UNIX operating system.	
Roy B Radow, one of NAMBLA's official spokesman.	

CRACKS-OF-ALL-TRADES:

Robert E. McElwaine	Amazing amounts of drivel, posted one-at-a-time.
Mikhail Zeleny	Something incomprehensible but very vehement.
John Winston	A surreal comedian. Tends to concentrate on "parapsychology" and UFOs.
Ludwig Plutonium	Ridiculous stuff, all slammed together under the rubric "Plutonium Atom Totality"

FLAME BAITERS:

Daniel J Karnes	Rants about evils of homosexuality in off-topic newsgroups.
Melvin Gladstone	Concentrates on on-topic, yet extremely stupid, ideas.

Peter Trei's own criteria for net.nuthood:

Has a cause	Only one topic is of interest.
Maintains presence	Doesn't shirk the task. Posts spontaneously at frequent intervals, or reliably responds to others.
Repetition	You can predict the contents of his/her posts before reading them. May even use canned files.
Unpopularity	Most of the audience disagrees with the poster, or doesn't give a damn.

To me, the nuttiest thing about the Net is the enormous amounts of time certain individuals have to devote to fucking around. Moreover, a considerable percentage of these people are on company time! Makes me wonder if they would be so willing to kill 6-hour blocks of time so happily if they were at home and weren't required to position themselves before a monitor for the sake of appearances...

First message is #42568, last message is #44101

43246. Re: Exposing Gannon's Lies: LIAR file grows!
43247. Re: ABC Documentary 2/2/94
43248. Re: Conspiracy for the Day — February 3, 1994
43249. RE: RIGHT=LEFT
43250. Re: Groom Lake Scandal I
43251. RE: DAVID KORESH CRUCIFIE
** 43252. Re: Exposing Gannon's Lies (was: THE WORLD WAR I JEWISH "HOLOCA
43253. Re: ABC Documentary 2/2/94
43254. Re: David Koresh Crucified by the New Rome
43255. Re: BATF intent on 2/28?
43256. Re: BATF intent on 2/28?
43257. Re: Would this work? (from cartoon)
43258. Re: Bowery Watch

c = Contribute a new message
n = Read next unread message
s = Read next unread message with same subject
h = Help, list of additional commands
q = Quit

Enter Command: =

First message is #42569, last message is #44101

43258. Re: Bowery Watch
43259. Re: Bowery Watch
43260. Re: Maybe Lennon and Zappa Were Assassinated to Preempt Populis
43261. INMAN, ROSWELL & GAO
43262. BILLY MEIER
43263. Re: Observation
** 43264. Statement 220
43265. Gannon Caught Lying - Again
43266. Re: Definition of "cult"
43267. Re: Statement 220
43268. ADVENTURES OF SOCKS, MY CAT
43269. Re: New Show [Babylon 5]
43270. Re: Sticks, Stones, and Belief (was Re: Creation is a fact)

, c = Contribute a new message
n = Read next unread message
s = Read next unread message with same subject
h = Help, list of additional commands
q = Quit

Enter Command: 43268

Article #43268 (44101 is last):

Newsgroups: talk.bizarre,alt.tasteless,alt.conspiracy,alt.religion.kibology

From: an38115@anon.penet.fi (Chelsea Clinton)

Subject: ADVENTURES OF SOCKS, MY CAT

Date: Thu, 3 Feb 1994 20:11:24 UTC

Last night I was hanging around in the Oval Office as usual, when a rumbling in my lower intestine informed me that deadly miasmal gases were about to solicit permission to escape. So, with difficulty, I persuaded Socks the famous cat to settle down for a nap on my lap. With difficulty, I say, because Socks has had some experiences at my hands which he, let us say, did not know how to appreciate.

But I digress. So Socks luxuriates in profound slumber, while I stealthily, with the control that years in the public eye—and nose, as it were—has compelled me to develop, I permit the frightful gaseous contents of my rectum to leak out into the atmosphere. But no response! I panic: could Socks have died? Who knows how much sulphurous discharge suffices to extinguish the life of a mere cat? I see my Dad's political life pass before my eyes; I see the headline in the Post: "First Cat Killed by Anal Discharge: Chelsea to be tested." I see the lesser newspapers: "CHELSEA FARTS UP A STORM." Alas, what will the Safire-Dole cabal make of this?

To my vast relief, however, Socks' head snapped up, and he bounded away, his fur standing on end, which I take to be a testimonial to the quality of the White House food. Unluckily, however, the VP took this occasion to enter, as is his custom, without knocking; and I may say that his pretense of falling to the floor unconscious was in the worst possible taste. I must say that Mr Gore is by no means the perfect gentleman whom a deluded public takes him to be. Let that pass, however.

In the following sample, we find two incorrigibles engaging in "flaming" activities. In this case, Karen Prestemon originally posted a message, noted by the ">" before each line of her text, which was followed-up by Geoff Miller. Note that as of Feb 8, there were nearly 50,000 messages posted to this newsgroup. Also, The Net is kind enough to display the e-mail address -and often names- of individuals who post messages, unless they make the effort to "cover their trails". Even if the reader cannot instantly discern the source, the option to reply directly to the author of any posting exists. What fun!

Article #46650 (47761 is last):
Newsgroups: alt.food.mcdonalds,alt tasteless,alt.flame
From: geoffm@netcom.com (Geoff Miller)
Subject: Have It Your Way At McD
Date: Tue Feb 8 23:29:20 1994

ren@american.edu (Karen Prestemon) writes:

>Based on some of the articles you have posted to other
>groups, you strike me as being a selfish prick.

Based on the article *you've* posted *here*, you strike me
as being one clueless cunt.

>What is the longest amount of time you have ever had to wait
in line at a McDonald's? Ten minutes? An hour? A week?
Six months? I find it hard to believe that you >have ever
been so inconvenienced waiting at McDonald's >that you have
ever lost a job or loved one over it.

Is that what it'd take for you to consider the delay
significant? If so, then it seems you're the selfish one,
my dear.

>What are you calling an unreasonable amount of time, and
>are custom orders really responsible for your problems?

Any length of time whatsoever that I spend in line as a result
of other people's dicking around, beyond whatever length of
time I'd have stood in line without said dicking around,
is unreasonable. Custom orders aren't the only possible
reason for a delay at a fast food joint, but they're certainly
a possible reason, and as such are as worthy of
condemnation as any others.

You remind me of the assholes you drive 55 in the fast lane
with traffic piling up behind them. It doesn't matter to
them that they're delaying other people, because - humph! -
they're certainly driving fast enough, and why are those
silly people in such a hurry, anyway?

Or the women in the supermarket who write checks for \$3.11
-and don't even take their goddam checkbooks out of their
purses until the total has been rung on the cash register,
when they could've at least filled in everything but the
amount while they stood there waiting. Instead of staring
vacantly into space and scratching the crack of their ass
through their pastel stretch pants. With other people
waiting in line behind them.

Or the doddering old fuckheads who slowly and solemnly count
out nickles and dimes to pay for their purchases, instead
of simply tossing the clerk a twenty and getting the
hell out of the way of those of us who actually
have more important things to do with what's left
of our lives than watch daytime TV and walk to the
supermarket for cottage cheese and light bulbs.

Or the idiots who hog the ATM while they fill out their
deposit slips and endorse their checks and seal the
envelopes, when they could've kept a supply of ATM
envelopes in the glove compartment of their car - like
I do - and gotten everything filled out and sealed
before they even approached the sonofabitching
automatic teller. While sitting in the comfort and
safety of their cars, no less.

Yeah, Karen, I know people like you, alright: self-
centered screwheads who have to have every little thing
their way, and who are completely oblivious to the fact
that there are other people in the world besides them.
You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you know that? I'm
terribly sorry to have to be the one to slam your clueless
shicken-neck in the dresser drawer of reality, but there
it fucking is.

The next time you go to McDonalds, just take the goddam
food the way it comes off the friggin production line.
That guy in line behind you doing the slow burn just might
be me, and believe me, you don't want to play the part
of the proverbial last straw. I could have you running
from the goddam restaurant in tears, your food and
appetite long forgotten in the burning agony of your very
public humiliation. You wouldn't dare show your face
in that restaurant again as long as you lived. Hell,
just riding past the place, you'd probably react like
the young Damien during the church scene in the first
Omen movie.

Believe me, I'm not the only one of my kind. Not close!

We're Out There Karen, and we're watching you! See
those people in line behind you? Any one of them could
crack without warning, at any moment. Society has just
about had a bellyful of this "Me Generation" horseshit,
you understand?

>Yeah, I am so selfish. I gave up my body for 9 months
>to have a baby and 6 to lactate. I wish I could be like
>you.

Isn't it interesting the way people try to use parenthood
as some kind of existential trump card, now that it's
all the rage in this country to demonstrate one's suavity
by shitting out kids like a welfare mother?

Boo fucking hoo. I've got news for you, Karen: you aren't
exactly the first broad in the world to drop a leaky
meatloaf, so don't even try to act like you're
something special because of it.

Geoff

Geoff Miller + + + + + Mountain View
geoffm@netcom.com + DoD #0996 + California

End of File, Press RETURN to quit





We thought we'd have to search a multitude of newsgroups to piece together all of the Net zaniness connected to Cobain's suicide. Amazingly, EACH AND EVERY base was covered in the Nirvana fan reader "alt.music.nirvana".

Issue 4's Net exposition will demonstrate some of the more practical information anyone can access, and less clowning around.

Conspiracy for the Day -- March 1, 1994

("Quid conuatio est?")

Tuesday -- DOUBLE FEATURE

"...stupid, bloody Tuesday..."

end of line

[CID Editor – I neither necessarily believe nor disbelieve either all or portions of the following.]

[The following is a transcript of a recorded phone message put out by a group in Chicago called "Citizens' Committee to Clean Up the Courts." (312) 731-1100 and (312) 731-1505.] Hi Sherman Skolnick, Citizens' Committee to Clean Up the Courts, 9800 South Oglesby.

The very rich and powerful are not given to moral-ey emotion - they tell us have a Christmas party, for example, for their devoted workers and smiles on them. And then, a few days later, dress a bunch of them and sell their brutal security guards to throw the workers off the premises in one hour! Fearing a labor dispute, the "Chicago Tribune" put attack dogs to intimidate the printing workers in the Trib's "Freedom Center." With the threat of a strike by paper, its city editor Stanley C. Greenhouse so, wrote the Chicago Tribune editorial board as follows:

"The United States has been at war since September 8 last day after day against the forces of the Civil War. His post-war policy was to go easy on the South So, agriculture would have resumed amid plummeting prices. The very rich, including the Rothschilds, had huge commodities speculations to the contrary. To some, bringing the South back [into the Union] was treason. So, they had Lincoln's brains blown out and blamed a "bone nut". The ultra-rich and their top military and CIA hacks accused President Kennedy of treason in denying US air cover at the aborted invasion of Cuba at the Bay of Pigs. A popular opinion was expressed that he was weak and cowardly. He was assassinated. As a result, the country went overboard in support of our wars with military-style banglelation firing. A "bone nut" was born and hatred understood. As you can see, the very rich are not sentimental.

The ultra rich (and again, with their trusted CIA and Military retainers, accused President JFK of treason in his dealings with North Vietnam. Also, he wanted to be an imperial president, blackmailing CIA with his knowledge of the CIA murdering JFK. Blowing his brains out in an open car could be messy, so ahead of the 1972 re-election of "Tricky Dick," CIA double-agent got themselves caught at the Watergate Hotel -- owned by the Pope, who paid \$6 million to become President. When Nixon lost, he fled to England. It took time before it came out that the CIA had tried to rig the election to favor Nelson Rockefeller. (Some details are in the book "Silent Coup" by Goldberger[sp?])

Nixon was so popular he won re-election in 1972. After the Popes' failed attempt to get Nixon elected, the CIA turned to the next best thing, the ultra rich. They used the CIA to turn the ultra rich into the new "popularity press" mounting their "Wh-Wheeler-eater" bits against Clinton. Some of her schemes on health care endanger large insurance companies -- like Prudential, owned by the British royal family. Funny thing: What the press trumpets of the rich are accusing Clinton are true enough. Yes, and she wife committed financial crimes in ripping off \$40 million through Arkansas S&L and others. Yikes. Bill and Hillary, to try to keep up appearances, covered up the murder of White House Vice-Minister Foster. And yes, she did commit fraud with the CIA. She committed treason in helping Clinton overthrow the American strongman from the Central command army of the United States, and on July 17, 1990. And two days later Clinton chopping off the head of FBI director Sessions because he was investigating Clinton's "treason." And on July 20, Foster was murdered just as he was planning to plead with Bill to leave the plot going forward for "national security" reasons, or be impeached. The ultra rich consider most Americans stupid and [that they] have to be told today facts, to be amused with stories of an angry elite cutting off her husbands heads. The ultra rich don't give a damn about the people. At the height of his popularity? Remember: The ultra rich are not sentimental. (12) 731-1100
men mission. Donations will be appreciated.

•[2]•

[From Pacifica Radio, February 21, 1994]

ANNOUNCER: 29 years ago to the very first young African-American male leader named Elhaj-Malekai Al-Shabab [sp?](t) or, as he was more widely known, Malcolm X, was about to deliver a speech at the Audubon Ballroom, in New York. When he was gunned down. And now, nearly 3 decades after his assassination, countless documentaries on his politics and even a feature-length commercial film about his life, the public still craves information about Malcolm X. Orlando Bagwell is the latest producer to take on the film. His co-wrote and directed a recent PBS documentary called "MALCOLM X". The assassins were identified in 1965 as Black Muslims. But the issue of "Who killed Malcolm X?" is one many refuse to let rest. "WELL, What we did is we looked at the FBI, we make mention of a couple of things in our film. We talk about the FBI's long-standing relationship with the Nation of Islam, and we talk about the FBI's relationship with the Nation of Islam. We talk about the FBI's relationship with the Nation of Islam. We made note of the fact that they're sending information to newspapers to dispense the rift between Malcolm and Elijah Muhammad. We also let you know that, in fact, it's more than just the FBI. That in fact the local police department, the agent that appears in our film talked about infiltrating Malcolm's organization a part of the New York Police Department, and that some of this local law enforcement is also infiltrating the organization. And at certain times establishing a level of surveillance on the organization. Also, we mention the interests of the State Department in Malcolm's international activities. So you realize that there are more than, it's more than just the FBI. That there are many forces besides the FBI and the Nation of Islam who are pressuring [croses] Malcolm perceive the danger to his life in the last year. ANNOUNCER: While conducting research for this film, I was struck by the fact that the FBI has been very clear about the fact that the assassination of Malcolm X was a certain thing became very clear around that issue, I think that his assassination is an issue that needs to be addressed in the country, but I think it needs to be addressed like other assassinations that were part of our history at that time. I think that when we, as we experience those things that crime, number one, questions in our own mind, but also doubts about us, doubt within our minds that I think needs to be addressed and dealt with. I think it's a very serious issue and a very serious matter because what we begin to doubt are the basic institutions and the people that are very important to us in terms of our own stability number one, as individuals and as citizens in a country. Something that I, that I am, in doing the research, I think we were confronted with many things that were troubling about the assassination. But we also realized that, in fact, it's a very big issue, a very big issue that needs to be told in its fullness and not told with a few lines of narration that allude to something that you don't really get the full delivery of, everything. ANNOUNCER: "Make It X" Director, co-writer Orlando Bagwell on the assassination of Malcolm X, 29 years ago today, Feb. 21, 1961.

I encourage distribution of "Conspiracy for the Day."

If you would like "Conspiracy for the Day" (CFD) sent to your email address, just send a message to telixcid@cs.du.edu (alternate: telixcid@cs.du.edu) saying you would like to subscribe to CFD in the form "subscribe mw-email@address".

Justice = *Just us* = "History is written by the assassins."

DAME D'ARCY © 1994

Executions in England from 1606.

The following list is extracted from the publication 'Haydn's Dictionary of Dates' published in London in 1895. I have this book in my possession. The names are as printed in the work, where found. The date is in reference to the day of execution. A reason for execution is noted if known and the last place of reference is the place of the trial. Also noted are the names of the victims, where known.

In the reign of Henry VIII, (36 Years) it is said that no less a number than 72,000 criminals were executed. In the ten years between 1820 and 1830, there were executed in England alone 797 criminals. The place of execution in London (formerly generally at Tyburn) was in front of Newgate from 1783 to 1868, when an act was passed directing executions to take place within the walls of the prisons. The dissection of the bodies of the executed persons was abolished in 1832.

NAME DATE OF EXECUTION REASON; PLACE OF TRIAL

DIGBEY, R	1806, 30 Jan	Gunpowder plot conspirators, executed in
WINTER, GRANT,	1806 30 Jan	London on this date.
BATES,	1806 30 Jan	
WINTER, T	1806 31 Jan	
ROCKWOOD,	1806 31 Jan	
KEYS,	1806 31 Jan	
FAWKES	1806 31 Jan	
GARNETT, Henry	1806 03 May	Jesuit
FELTON, John	1828 28 Nov	Murder of Duke of Buckingham; Tyburn
DUKE of Monmouth, James	1685 15 Jul	Treason; Tower Hill
KIDD, Capt William	1701 23 May	And three others, for piracy
PRICE, John	1718 21 May	The Hangman; Murder, Bunhill-row
SHEPPARD, Jack	1724 18 Nov	Highwayman; Tyburn
TURPIN, Richard	1739 * Apr * 7 or 10 April; Highwayman; York	
BALMERINO, Lord	1746 16 Aug	And others, rebellion; Tower Hill
LOVAT, Lord	1747 09 Apr	Rebellion; Tower Hill
VAUGHAN, Richard Wm.	1758 11 May	First forger of Bank of England Notes
ARAM, Eugene	1758 08 Aug	Murder; York
GARDELL, Theodore	1760 05 May	Murder of his steward, Tyburn
FERROTT, John	1761 11 Nov	Fraudulent bankrupt; Smithfield
M'NAUGHTEN, John Esq	1761 13 Dec	Murder of Miss KNOX; Strebane
BROWNRIIGG, Elizabeth	1767 14 Sep	Murder of her apprentice, Tyburn
PERREAU, Daniel	1776 17 Jan	Wine merchant, Forgery; Tyburn
PERREAU, Robert	1776 17 Jan	Wine merchant, Forgery; Tyburn
COOD, Rev Dr	1777 27 Jan	Found guilty of forging a bond, in the name of Lord Cheshill for 4200l
HACKMAN, Rev Henry	1776 19 Apr	Murder of Miss REAY, Mistress of the Earl of Sandwich; Tyburn
DONELAN, Capt. John	1781 02 Apr	Murder of Sir THEODOSIUS BOUGHTON; Warwick
MURPHY, Christian *	1789 18 Mar *	(or BOWMAN) A woman; Strangled and burnt for coming
PARKER, Richard	1797 30 June	And others, mutiny at the Nile
PHEOE, Mrs	1797 11 Dec	Celebrated murderess; Old Bailey
CROSSIE, Sir Edward	1798 04 Jun	High treason; Ireland
SHEARES, Messrs	1799 12 Jul	High treason; Dublin
DICK, Galloway	1800 04 Apr	Highwayman; Aylesbury
WALL, Governor Joseph	1802 28 Jan	Murder of SERJEANT ARMSTRONG; Old Bailey
CRAWLEY, Mr	1802 10 Mar	Murder of two females; Dublin
FOSTER, George	1803 18 Jan	Murder of wife and child, Old Bailey
DESPARD, Colonel	1803 21 Feb	And others; High treason; Horse-monger-Lane
HATFIELD, John	1803 03 Sep	(a rank impostor, who married, by means of the most odious deceit, the celebrated "Beauty of Butler's") Forgery; Carlisle
EMMETT, Robert	1803 20 Sep	High treason; Dublin
PATCH, Richard	1806 08 Apr	Murder of Mr. BLIGH; Horse-monger-lane
HOLLOWAY, John	1807 23 Feb	Murder of Mr. STEELE; Old Bailey 28
HAGGERTY, Owen	1807 23 Feb	of the spectators were trodden to death
SIMMONS, T	1808 07 Mar	The man of blood, murder; Hertford
CAMPBELL, Major	1808 02 Oct	Murder of Capt. BOYD in a duel; Armagh
SUTHERLAND, Capt.	1809 29 Jun	Murder; Execution dock
ARMITAGE, Richard	1811 24 Jun	Forgery; Old Bailey
BELLINGHAM, John	1812 18 May	Murder of Mr. PERCEVAL; Old Bailey
NICHOLSON, Philip	1813 23 Aug	Murder of Mr & Mrs. BONAR; Pennenden-Heath
TUTTE, Francis	1813 09 Oct	Murder of Mr. GOULDING; Dublin
CALLAGHAN, Charles	1814 02 Apr	Murder of Mr. MERRY; Horse-monger-lane
SAWYER, William	1814 15 May	Murder of JACK HACKETT; Old Bailey
FENNING, Eliza	1815 26 Jul	Administering poison; Old Bailey



Secondary Sources

If you've read any fanzines that talk about other fanzines, odds are you've heard about Mike Diana and his little zine *BOILED ANGEL*, and the trouble the latter has caused the former. Odds are you haven't actually seen *Boiled Angel* #7 or #8- the ones the State of Florida seized and is pressing charges over- only about 300 of each were actually circulated.

For those who don't know, Diana's drawings are terribly crude, childlike scraw, generally forming utterly disgusting sexual or violent activity. I never thought his stuff was anything special, although it was always good for a chuckle thanks to the stark graphic and thematic attack employed. There's always room for crud like that in my book. Unfortunately, The Conspiracy in Florida doesn't see it that way.

Of course, the land of Anita Bryant is the state that took action against 2 Live Crew- and eventually lost. But they were rappers and rappers always have certain avenues of recourse which they can fall back on. There are millions of rap fans out there and when their music was threatened, fans and artists spoke out. In fact, plenty of non-rap musicians spoke out. Florida was rightfully turned into a bad guy by performers and media because it was media driven performers who felt threatened by association. If 2 Live Crew really wanted to get down and dirty, they could have simply called their prosecutors "racists".

Diana will not have such support. The underground comic scene makes pre-media circus 2 Live Crew look like the Beatles in terms of popular appeal. Let's face it. Those of us into small-time comic and zines probably number less than 250,000 nationwide. That's less than .001 % of the American population. For every one of us, there are a thousand chowderheads rushing to read *Rolling Stone* or *Time* or to watch *America's Funniest Home Videos*. How are you going to rally support from the little zine bunch and transfer it to the big duh bunch? Anybody see any clout in the zine numbers? Idiot! **There isn't any!!!**

The Conspiracy loves to pick on little guys like Diana. They take them to court and run them through the financial ringer, letting them off after a lengthy trial- only after they're sure the victim, er, defendant is broke. I remember all too well the same deal happening in 1985 to the Dead Kennedys. Their home state of California attempted to prosecute singer Jello Biafra for the inclusion of a poster by world renowned artist H. R. Giger in an album called *Frankenchrist*, charging the band with the distribution of harmful matter to minors, or some such crap. The band invoked First Amendment protection and, in time, was acquitted. Perhaps the only thing that saved them from time in the clink was the creation of the No More Censorship Defense Fund, which is sadly defunct.

The Fund was set up at first specifically to help pay for the Dead Kennedys defense and was later offered to be there for other artists suffering attacks against their right to create what they want for those who want to be exposed to it.

The First Amendment barely exists anymore. When you have to kill yourself financially to protect what was once an "unalienable right", it may as well not exist. The Conspiracy knows this, and allows us to have our meekest, mealy-mouthed thoughts blared to world, but if anything which challenges the messages which turn us into and keep us mind-numbed, consumer-mad zombies is emitted at anything beyond a whisper- and in this case, EVEN AT A WHISPER- the fucking rug is going to be pulled out from under our little, smelly feet. Florida, apparently, isn't even going to bother *pretending* the First Amendment exists for Mike Diana. First Amendment? Fuck it. Right to freedom of speech and press? Abridged. Rights? Alienated.

What are we going to do about Florida? Can we give it back to Spain? If we could, would they take it? Should we get out the band saws and start cutting right at the panhandle? With any luck, the State of Florida will slide into the sea. Hrrmm. Since it's bloated with so much hot air from self-righteous politicians and lawyers, maybe it will float away. Let the Haitians have it. It's hard to tell which is more screwed up politically and intellectually.

Why not write and send a letter that goes a little like this:

Dear Governor of Florida:

I have been made aware that a citizen of your state, Mike C. Diana, has been charged with three counts of criminal misdemeanor in your state, as the result of publishing his comic "Boiled Angel". I understand that the result of his trial was probation in addition to being prohibited from writing and drawing.

I feel that this is clearly a case of censorship and violates his civil rights as protected by the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States of America.

I feel that because your state behaves in this manner, I shall be unable to do business with any firm that is located in your state or visit your state as a tourist unless this court action against Mr. Diana is reversed.

Signed, *Joe Comic Book*

Joe Comic Book Reader and FORMER drinker of Orange Juice

cc: Florida Orange Juice Council, Florida Commission of Tourism.

You see, the Conspiracy has no use for this freedom of speech crap, but *really understands* getting fucked in the ass over a few hundred thousand or million dollars. The Conspiracy stands tall, united against the little dipshits of America, UNLESS ONE OR TWO OF THE BIGWIGS GET SINGLED OUT AND TOLD THAT THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE THEIR DICKS CUT OFF BY THE ENRAGED THRONG. If a few hundred thousand comic book readers write the governor, and, say, the ORANGE JUICE COUNCIL, and tell them that they will tell EVERYBODY THEY KNOW NOT TO SPEND A NICKEL IN FLORIDA, they'll get the message, *smack the living shit out of the prosecutor, send Diana home with a new set of Crayolas* and ask us PLEASE to forget such a stupid thing ever happened.

What the hell, it works for the American Family Association. Blackmail or be blackmailed, especially when it comes to slimy, grandstanding, self-righteous motherfucker politicians.

AN AUTO-INTRODUCTION

I figured it would be appropriate to introduce myself before you got to my reviews and critiques of the sex comix. By the way, most all of the comix I'll review are "adult". Some are just plain cool!

My name is Steve Bostwick. I am a graduate of Cleveland State University, with a double major in art and communications. Reviews and interviews have been many since my days at CSU's ~~CLEVELAND~~ newspaper, where I handled all kinds of reviews of rock bands and believe it or not, comix. Yes! Adult comix reviews! It was an avenue of the paper's art section that I invented and had unique success with. I pissed off all the right people and needless to say, acquired a following. My career as a journalist seemed to be off to a good start. Little did I know that Asylum For Shut-Ins Editor, Mr. Kole, was a good fan of mine and approached me to do comix reviews for his magazine! I accepted eagerly! So I'd say I'm at least a little bit qualified!

So here I am, scattered throughout the publication reviews. I use a rating scale that is as basic as any- the old 1 to 10 scale. Any objections? Feel free to write me at the AFSI PO Box. Feedback is always welcome.

(I feel compelled to remark that the above was not requested material, but printed for the pleasure of the writer. Follow his every instruction under penalty of... I dunno... ask him. -ed.)



ASIAN TRASH CINEMA
PO BOX 5367
KINGWOOD TX 77325
\$6

Very poor-fess-ional digest sized MAGAZINE which is not as raunchy nor as distorted as they would have themselves portrayed. The reviews are intelligently articulate, and well researched by people who are knowledgeable. Therefore it lacks that obsessive charm that most underground movie zeens ooze. Fuck. Don't get me wrong. I enjoyed this thing and learned a whole bunch from it, but can't recommend it if you on account of it not being trashy enough. The photos are ejaculatory, but then, I am very partial to occidental womenfolk... something about their hair... oh well. There are reviews, essays on Godzilla/Mothra, and the Lone Club series. What can I say? Try to get this one for free.

-Rev. John X. Piche'



BEER FRAME #1
PAUL LUKAS
160 ST JOHNS PLACE
BROOKLYN NY 11217
\$1

A self-appointed "journal of inconspicuous consumption" dedicated to consumer stuff that Paul likes to use or look at or at least have in the truest sense of the word. He isn't really dumpster diving with this, or even thrifting (see the review of Thrift Score, below), but just keeping an open eye. In doing so, he has created a unique review-type zine which inadvertently debunks a few of such a piece of "literature's" usual trappings. Mainly, he isn't trying to provide a guide of things to want and have so much as to say that "these are things that I like to have". You'd have to be some kind of idiot to pursue these things in earnest. That is precisely what many review zines, especially the music review things, try to make you do.

Stuff he discusses are things that probably escape the eyes of most of us as we hurry to the next zine, BadFlick, CD, religious zealot, or worse, work. A shame we have the blinders on, too. We should take more time to appreciate the neat crap we're surrounded by at all turns

like the Brannock Device (that metal thing that tells you what size shoes you should wear), rat traps, marinade sauce, pole-mounted mailboxes, the Etch-A-Sketch, and even the Green Bay Packers uniforms. The second half of the reviews are of services he gets around the New York area- places like diners, shoeshine benches, bars, and the amazing Apology zine hotline.

Record (and zine) reviews finally creep in at the end, and the resulting banter is largely irrelevant to the sounds, which is actually refreshing since most reviewers just aren't capable of describing what they've ostensibly listened to. They write in circles about nothing in just the manner I've just done and will do again! What most people don't consider, writes Lukas, is that reviews are written for several reasons: to stay on the promo list, the draw advertising revenue, to get laid, to not trash a friend's latest bad record, etc. Rather than pretend these things don't exist, he lets you know they do, and he goes on describing which ever tangential item hits him first. At the conclusion of each review, he makes the "obligatory music-related comment" which even still has little to do with the records he "reviews". What the hell though, his writing "on the subject" is the best going since Robert Griffin and his Scat Records put out that *Seven Magazine* a few years back. The cut-downs are great, the tangents are meaningful, and even if you can't tell what something might sound like after reading the reviews, you'll be able to tell if you'd like it or not, which is three notches better than most reviewers out there.

BEET #8
MAYNARD
372 5TH AVE
BROOKLYN NY 11215
\$2

Just
Another
Day At
the Office

Shit. Shit. Shit. Bad fiction, bad poetry, bad layouts, bad attitude, and bad artwork all compose the innards of this literary journal masquerading as an underground zine.

See, there are groups of grown-ups who play in the underground. They are a pathetic bunch of *arty* people who carry beat up Bukowski tomes and tattered notebooks of their own dribbling. These mainstream zombies march about their *art, fiction, or poetry* chanting drooling rituals of self-stimulation. Short sentences with a visual clarity of crisp prose, shattering the motifs of degeneration and degradation. This is not to say that any of this means anything other than my own contempt, fear, and stupid loathing. Nothing is accomplished here at all. Leave it on the stairs.

-Rev. John X. Piche'

THE BLACK PEARL #2
EROS COMICS
PO BOX 25070
SEATTLE WA 98125-1970
\$3

The world of adult comix is growing ever so rapidly. Over the past 10 years, titles have emerged from the underground with phenomenal success. *Cherry Poptart*, *Ramba*, *Scimidar*, *Wendy Whitebread*, and *Zippy*- just to name a small handful- have made their mark in the comic book industry. *The Black Pearl* is bound to earn such status.

Its storyline follows the expected sex theme, and in a few ways, is quite similar to Gilbert Hernandez's *Birdland*. It isn't necessarily a copy, but reminds us that the unique gem gives its wearer extraordinary powers. In this case the raven beauty, possessed by a demon of lust, finally loses control and transforms herself into Cindy Berkhardt. This virginal neighbor is lusted after by our nameless ravenhair's stepbrother Nick.

Keep in mind that there is a neat storyline to this that I'll leave you to figure out. The comic is not labeled as to the number of episodes are upcoming in the series, so this may go on ad infinitum like a soap opera. The artwork is good, especially if you are into natural-looking characters and the phallic form. It would really look nice if it were in color, or acted out on VHS- and I say that with great respect! 8 of 10 for creative fantasy.

-Steve Bostwick

BOY'S RADIO ADVENTURES #2
SKIDMARK PRESS
PO BOX 293
BROOKLINE MA 02146
\$2.50



Excuse me while I readjust my jaw. You see, it just dropped from its familiar position as a lower mandible and plopped down into my lap on account of my being perfectly stunned by the brilliant genius contained on the pages before me. Dr. Fishmonger's done it again, combining the antique and curious look of the old *National Geographic* magazines and a humorous adventure in a parallel universe within the comic book layout style.

What Fishmonger did was scour old mags and books for photos of people engaged in bizarre activities in what were aboriginal places while using even more bizarre and arcane tools. With about 1000 such photos collected, he concocted a story about one Captain Wireless who never quite does come to the rescue of a society who has been subjected to a substance containing a radiation compound which causes the loss of self-esteem in all who come into contact with it. The result is the complete breakdown of society... with hilarious consequences!

See a few samples of the amazing work of Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger in this issue of *Asylum For Shut-Ins!* Turn back to pages 23-25 and feast ye eyes! You bet we recommend getting a copy!

BRUTARIAN #10
PO BOX 25222
ARLINGTON VA 22202-9222
\$4 .

Bills itself as "the magazine that dares to be lame". Shit. The only thing lame about *BRUTARIAN* is **that statement!** To hell with this self-effacing! Dom Salemi and cast deliver on all of their cover statements (save the one already discussed): penetrating interviews, repugnant comics, and assordid (sic) reviews.

The toughest punk rock (etc.) interview assignment I can think of off the top of my head- aside from of John Lydon- would have to be Iggy Pop. There is so much about his career that is obvious, that asking about would be tedious not just for Mr. Pop to discuss just one more time, but the reader to read just one more time. Interviewer Peter Gilstrap managed to pose a question that I thought was good. It had to do with growing up in a trailer park. Those people do turn out a little differently, don't they. Ig's views on the change of America's face over the last 25 years is fascinating.

Holly Woodlawn, once outwardly a man as well as part of Warhol's Factory crowd touched base on several items, many naturally relating to both Warhol and that crowd, but also several personal insights relating to the world of a drag queen.

Dave Wyndorf heads the band Monster Magnet, who enjoys utilizing heavy drug references in their lyrics and imagery. He surprised his interviewer (Salemi) and myself by throwing a real curveball. It sure seemed apparent by their oversaturation of the drug themes that there was some parody going on, but when questioned about personal indulgence, Wyndorf made it clear how stupid he thought it was for anyone to

use a drug like pot, which slows the brain down, in order to stimulate creativity! Drugs for mind expansion? "No thanks," says Wyndorf. Take that, Tim Leary! I can see the letters of dispute being fired off now...

Anyhow, while the interviews are all truly probing, the comics were truly revolting. The beleaguered Mike Diana's disgusting comic "Coconut Head Horror" is probably 100x more offensive than the stuff that earned him probation and the "right" not to draw or write. The "hero" of the strip gets jealous when dad brings his little sister a coconut head back from his Florida business trip, and jumping beans for him. As soon as the folks are out the door, the protagonist (a better word might be *antagonist*) strangles his sister, cuts off her head, fucks her open mouth, cuts off the remaining flesh, and displays it for his parents upon their arrival back home. Yow.

Clay Parker's comics are equally demented, if less graphically offensive. "In The Hammer" depicts a disinterested couple on the couch. The male decides he'd like sex. The female agrees, telling him her pussy is- you guessed it- in the hammer. He fetches and fucks it while she watches TV. "In The Clergy" features a man of the cloth photographing young, male congregation members nude in the name of art. Parker, by the way, used to sing for a Cleveland punk rock band called "Sissy". They were comprised of a girl drummer who couldn't play drums, her sister who couldn't play bass, a guitarist from Starvation Army, and Clay, who couldn't write a song or sing. They were perhaps the greatest band on the planet for a short while until they began believing that they were good and started practicing. The dada element had been lost, but that's another story altogether...

There are throughout Brutarian a series of "framed" drawings featuring a sort of poster girl. *MAD MAGAZINE* has Alfred E. Neuman and Brutarian has this chick who, in one drawing has razor-sharp teeth in the crack of her ass, and a sack full of chopped-off dicks tied in a bindle on the axle she used to remove them. The latter is called "The Little Hitch Hiker". Guess how she gets her prey.

Then there are reviews of all sorts of stuff- music, movies, books, zines, etc. The music reviews seem like the pipeline to free records. They don't have the character the rest of the mag has. The film reviews are truer to the rest, showing vitriol and cynical wit and sporting a rating system from 1-6, tallied in Olympia beer cans.

To top it all off, they threw in a 7" by a group called the Ubangis. I really would have liked to have heard the record, but it got warped to hell- probably in our tiny PO box. That would be one of the very few things lame about Brutarian.

BUF April 1994
63 GRAND AVE
RIVER EDGE NJ 07661
\$5

**Subconscious cues
trigger binge eating**

I love a skin mag that puts something like this on Page 3:

NON-PORNOGRAPHY CODE

Our Non-Pornography Code guarantees that this magazine does not contain material that graphically depicts any sexual acts, sodomy, sado-masochistic abuse, sexual bestiality, masturbation, excretion, incest, child molestation or male genitalia.

This magazine is, however, intended for adults only and does feature the big up front photos of girls from all over the world, as well as sex-related, but not obscene, articles, stories, cartoons and humor.

The key word is humor. The bi-racial pair of chubbies feeling each other up with a kielbasa isn't a sexual act, it's humor! And the chick with the huge wart on her ass- is fucking HUMOR! Not that she has it, but that they'd have a CLOSE-UP of it! The letters section? Definitely humor! There's enough cellulite in these pages to make soap for all of West Virginia for next year's bath.

I should, uh, come clean here and tell you that none of this magazine bums me out the way it did so many of the people I showed it to. To me, it's the other extreme. Those models in most of the other skin mags aren't the kind of women anybody meets. We all have are "imperfections" that we make ourselves neurotic over. *Gosh, I'm ten pounds overweight... "worry, worry, worry". Or in the case of those "perfect" models- gosh, I'm perfect, but I might gain weight... "worry, worry, worry". Let's face it. Some folks were meant to be porkers. Why fight it? If you have it, why not flaunt it? I got the biggest kicks in showing it to my liberal, "equality-minded" acquaintances, who, to the last one, all told me it was sick or disgusting. I told them that this is what their crummy equality amounted to- equal time for beastly chicks! Can't have just "perfect" bodied nudes anymore!*

So the big girls flaunt it. I still laugh at all the letters that read, "my woman was about 315 pounds and she'd diet and lose 50 but gain it back in no time. I told her I like her fat, so she went and gained another 400 pounds and now she parks her ass over me and squishes me like a freight train on a fly and I'm just in hog heaven". More and more and more fun than Playboy anyway. A real chubby-chaser's dream come true. Pass the doughnuts, and chips, and Ho-Ho's, and sausage, and Pepsi, and Cheetos, and pork rinds, and...

-Ed Godard

CHERRY POPTART #15
KITCHEN SINK
320 RIVERSIDE DR
NORTHAMPTON MA 01060
\$3

Cherry Poptart has been one of my favorite comic, and it doesn't surprise me that it is the single highest selling adult comic on the market to date. A few years back, there was talk of creator Larry Welz doing a video cartoon, but the chaos of the change from Last Gasp to Kitchen Sink have put things on hold. This is Cherry's second KS issue, and upholds the tradition.

The focus is placed on an exaggerated biker lifestyle, bringing the legendary *Monty Biker Slut* line. Of course, Cherry delivers a twist as only Welz can.

The first of the two episodes mocks the King Kong scenario and the other makes *Jurassic Park* look like *Jurassic Joe*. Ellie Dee stars as Cherry's ingenious wizard friend who, of course, manages to turn a motorcycle into a time machine. Look for the hidden pictures of Barney throughout.

I'd like to see Cherry in more spin-offs of quaint movies and TV shows. Welz is arguably at his best when using satire. The previous issue was a great take on the Clinton/Jennifer Flowers scandal. Stuff like that begs for a sequel. Give it a 9 of 10, only because I've seen wackier shit from Cherry!

-Steve Bostwick

CHILDREN OF A FAR GREATER GOD #2 & #3
2ND FLOOR
221 ASHMORE ROAD
QUEENS PARK
LONDON W9 3DB
ENGLAND
2 Quid... uh, \$4 each U.S.?



How's about that? The honest-to-goodness FANzine devoted to *Married... With Children* comes from jolly old England. I never would have guessed that the series would be aired in the land of Monty Python, let alone be worshipped, but let's not mix apples and oranges. We've discussed *SleazeFilm* from home and abroad, so why not the king of sleazy TV sit-coms from the U.S. of A.?

Isn't it ironic that those we run into who tend to be bookish or intelligent or even more enlightened seem to be real down on the show, while the dregs we encounter love it? How did this happen? Sure, the dregs are reacting the the surface level of a father and husband who's joy is to slough off the wife and watch TV, the mother and wife spends money like it's going out of style and craves sex from her husband, the daughter is an obvious slut, and the son is a slimy wisecracker. I'm perplexed as to why so many of the snobbier bunch turn their noses up at this show. Clearly, they do are only reacting to the surface level, which is, of course, pure repellent to any cultured so-and-so. How is it that these folks can't laugh at the subversion leveled at the TV-family stereotypes and not see that it's a joke? How's come they have to think the producers really think everybody is this way, or worse, that they're providing role models? Oh yeah. Those snobs don't have any discernable sense of humor! It's a goddamned JOKE and it whizzes by them faster than T.S. Eliot would whiz by the dregs.

The most curious thing about Issue 2 is a brief "history" of prime time. I'll allow my naïveté to show and say that I'd always figured Britain had its selections on telly, Americans had theirs, and that was that. Miles Wood's sitcom time line seems pretty damned American with the exception being the indication that *Sanford and Son* was derived from a Brit show called *Steptoe and Son*. At any rate, the conclusion of the history is that with the sit-com having been given new life by the *Cosby Show*, it was ripe for an unravelling of the usual formula by a set of caricatures. The caricature dwelled upon the most here is Kelly Bundy, and actress Christina Applegate. Photos a-plenty pepper the pages as might be expected. Blo's and filmographies of Applegate and Ed (A) O'Neill and Katey (Peg) Sagal are listed for those who might want to search the wee hours of USA Network programming for lack of anything better to do.

Issue 3 has far fewer photos and instead, concentrates more on show issues. For this issue to grab your attention, you really have to be a fan of the show. News issues surrounding the show are charted (press conferences, popular opinion of the show, boycotts against its advertisers, etc.), talk show appearances referred to, the *Married...* comic series is reviewed, an episode guide is listed for the sake of home taping completists, and there's other mundane crap. About the only interesting thing is an essay of appreciation of Buck, the *Married...* family dog.

Why so down on #3 and not #2? Well, the show has, what seems to me, to be a pretty uninteresting cast of nobodies who came together to act out a pretty interesting TV show. I'm not going to rave to show, because there are limits to how far this particular joke can be stretched. It was a nice job of casting. The zine has succeeded in stretching the limits in three tries further than the series has in 7 years.

CRASH COLLUSION #6
PO BOX 49233
AUSTIN TX 78765
\$4

Mr. Nations has developed one of the finest fringe zines going. His writers consistently contribute topical articles which tackle interesting subjects, are thoroughly researched and discussed, and raise eyebrows and questions alike. The supermarket tabloids tackle these subjects all the time, which is probably a bad thing since things like UFOs, Bigfoot, etc. are then instantly viewed with suspicion at least, and more often, total disbelief by "virtue" of appearing on tabloid pages. CC's writers give these items tons of credibility because of the lack of sensationalist crapola.

John Carter took on the planet Mars and that "face" discovered on the surface. One of the NASA probes- beats me which one- turned up a photo of the reddish hills and, lo and behold, there was a formation of some sort in the shape of a quasi-human face. Coincidence? Carter doesn't think so and explores the possibility of life on Mars.

In the same realm, Steve Mizrach suggests that alien life has been in contact with human governments, especially the US, for quite some time. In fact, he suggests that then-President Eisenhower signed an accord with aliens under cover of a visit to the dentist. I guess the press let the Pres go to get a check-up in those days. Clinton doesn't even get to jog or get a Big Mac without a bevy of reporters around. Hmmm. The agreement supposedly allowed aliens to conduct their abductions and research without interference. Mizrach suggests that JFK and Nixon befell their troubles (death and Watergate) as a result of their refusal to negotiate with the saucer jockeys. To keep civilians off the trail, the government conducts disinformation campaigns, i.e.: allows the tabloids to cover such things as UFO crashes, thereby making the public retain its position of disbelief, and relegating the "kook" label to believers.

Brilliance is often disguised as utter bullshit

-J.R. "Bob" Dobbs

Ben Price turned up something he found floating through the Internet about the cultivation of cacti for personal use. Personal use? Think "peyote", smart guy. Psychoactives have long been touted as incredible mind-tools. Long before he was branded an loon and a public menace, Dr. Timothy Leary had a Ph.D. and was teaching at Harvard. That was back in the '60s. Nowadays with emphasis going towards the environment and the ingestion of natural products, it is no surprise to me that folks are looking towards cacti for their mind-expansion needs. The "found" article gives how-tos on all aspects of cacti use and growth.

\$\$\$ FREE MONEY \$\$\$

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Casebook on Alternative 3

**UFOs, Secret Societies
and World Control**

Jim Keith

**IllumiNet
PRESS**

Eye-popping and engrossing as all those stories are, Donna Kossy has topped them all with a story about a different kind of mind-expansion technique- *trepanning*.

Trepanning... Trepanning... Wasn't that the word for that sort of "lobotomy" torturers used to give to the insane? I conjure the scene of a damp, dank dungeon made of huge blocks of stone, people in rags chained to the walls, rats teeming in corners, some guy using his head as a shovel to burrow into the earthen floor, the Master with an auger being applied to an "inmate's" forehead. Blood gushing out. The subject with an eerie smile..."

Yep. That's trepanning; the drilling of a hole into one's skull, then used ostensibly to release the spirits. Now, it is used by some ON THEIR OWN HEADS in the quest for the big trip. Some have done it in order to open the elusive third eye in a religious pursuit. Amanda Fielding not only trepanned herself, she filmed the event for posterity! Send the film to the Scared Straight folks! Can you imagine what they'd do with it? "You see kids, you might innocently have a few swigs of beer at a party, decide the experience was good and later have more beer. From beer you move to hard liquor. From hard liquor to marijuana. From marijuana to crack or heroin or acid. From there- TREPPANNING. Kids, do you want to end up with a fuckin' hole in your head? Yeah, I thought it was all a big joke. Sure, mamma, I'm gonna end up with a hole in my head. Right. Well, look here, tough guy. See that? Think you're real tough cuz you blow some weed, huh? Muthafucker, have a look at *that!!!*"

Check it out!

DEATH
DC/VERTIGO
\$3

Collectors of the *Sandman* stuff will definitely be interested in Death. In fact, the whole line looks like it's designed to grab the attention of collectors. Death is a character spun off from the *Sandman* comic and has found success. How can you fail if on a major like DC?

Death isn't the typical "Angel of Death" we all are familiar with. First off, Death is female, and a very striking one at that. Of course, it would be beyond DC's credibility to publish sex comic, but Death isn't that sort of goddess. She just has a look that is very appealing. She's a heroine.

Issue One ("The High Cost of Living") has Death helping out a kid, Sexton, on the verge of suicide, and the two become friends. She gets the chance to spend a day on earth and takes the name DiDi. The twist is that Death is a friend rather than enemy, making the story unique.

Collectors will want to seek out the hardcover version of the series, complete with a public service message about AIDS, with Death as the celebrity speaker. Back around Christmas I saw a Death wristwatch. It had Death's face on it and the second hand was her trademark Ankh. Neat. Death wears the Ankh, the symbol of life. Maybe it's because death lives forever! (I love it when I can come up with some oxymoron for this stuff). Lots of hype for this character. Lots of collectors' money out the window.

"Gallery" is a mini-series of Death stuff, but all done by artists other than the original artist. Apparently they all liked the character enough to send in their own renditions. More money in DC's bank. What the hell. It kicks ass! It's nothing but art, and of superb quality. Death has been reworked into Cubist, Expressionist, Surrealist, and Renaissance styles, to name a few. Madonna's "Sex" book can eat dust. 10 of 10.

-Steve Bastwick

**Completely
Suitable**



**For the
BRAIN
DEAD**

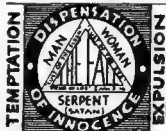
DISHWASHER #11
PO BOX 4827
ARCATA CA 95521

How does one go about creating a long-running zine when deciding to focus on one highly unlikely topic? Throw travel into the mix, I guess. It seems to have worked like a charm for this dishwashing lifer named Pete. Having already logged the dishwashing adventures in far-flung corners like New Hampshire, Alaska, and Colorado in previous issues, he's moved on from Montana, back home to California and then over to Dayton, Ohio.

Pete is the classic example of a man too bored with life to sit still, yet too much of a slacker to get motivated enough to get schooled-up and become a lawyer or something of that sort. I bet if you asked him, he'd tell you that both blue- and white-collar work lands you in the same tied-down place.

So he packs his bags and works wherever he can wash. His mobility is his freedom. Any time a boss, a co-worker, the lack of food to steal, etc, becomes a drag, he gives short notice and leaves. This is power, friends. To be able to hold the rules the boss holds so near and dear, (and over the heads of his underlings) and flaunt them in front of his beady eyes (and the wide eyes of the underlings) is sheer power. To be able to make the boss beg at your feet to keep you from quitting is a wonderful feeling... I guess. I've never been so fortunate. A Kerouac for the 90's? Why not?

DO DOUBLE DIGEST
SANDY
PO BOX 24034
KELOWNA BC V1Y 4P4
CANADA
\$1



Inspiring rage of creation and fixated purpose jump form the page and make me want to pee all over myself. Everyone that I trust deeply has some sort of driving, insane passion. Sandy is that type of boy that I would feel real comfortable sharing my toothbrush, my underwear, or the road with. He is filled with an overabundance of creative desire to populate the ghetto of his mind with perverted deviants and aimless marauders. This is art, kiddies.

It's sucking pee through red and white straws with that bendy-top bit, poeing in our pants while screaming for inebriated revolution, of sleeping naked with boys who look like grrrls (and vice versa). I am filled with an unnamable joy and a secured sense of embrace by this awe-inspiring work of goateed creativity. Long live the criminal celebration of the insane! The envelope is a homemade joy featuring that midgedetfreak created in the United States sitcom labs, Emmanuel Lewis. Remember when Webster shucked Monkey cock at M. Jackson's Ranchero? Gawd, am I hard.

-Rev. John X. Piche'

EIGHTBALL #12
FANTAGRAPHIC BOOKS
7563 LAKE CITY WAY NE
SEATTLE WA 98115

Daniel Clowes shoulders the entire load in *Eightball*, from story to art. I'd wager my Bleeding Head of Arnold Palmer mask that you've seen Clowes' drawings before. Is stuff has been the centerpiece of several record and CD covers. Off the top of my head, I can think of a Cheater Slicks CD and a compilation record called *The Beat of the Traps* which was the result of a bunch of those 'send us your poem and we'll make a record' deals. Anyway, he has a knack for showing the geek in all of us, ever so slightly overemphasizing human features to reveal our frailty. He specializes in corny glasses, double chins, big buckteeth, and lack of muscle tone, but most of all- *the sweaty brow*.

Ah, the sweaty brow. It can be found on the heads of those who are trapped in a situation which could expose them for what they are, or worry over an imminent encounter with a person of another subculture, or just have some general insecurity. It is part of Clowes' imperfect world where even those who appear to be on top of the given situation are shown as being genuinely flawed.

Half of the stories revolve around the geek-takes-on-the-world-and-wins theme, usually involving some dork of a comic artist who finally settles scores, whether financially or otherwise, with the jocks and "cool people" from junior high school. Could it be auto-biographical? Probably, but I can relate and you probably can too. I got beat up (more than once) for my punk rock haircut and attitude in high school a decade ago, suffering the ignominy of having too slight a physique and too small a supporting cast, and *shit*, nowadays financial wizardry is right around the corner (choke, cough!). Those fucks are all doctors and lawyers these days, living boring, futile, if lavish lives. I guess most of us are fairly typical *schrucks*, huh?

EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA Vol 2, #8
CRAIG LEDBETTER
PO BOX 5367
KINGWOOD TX 77325
\$6

Rev. Piche' made an observation about fanzines in general in a review that appeared in the previous issue. To paraphrase, he indicated that most true fan-zines tend to become either obsessive or burned out in a matter of a few short issues. By and large, I'd have to agree. ETC is one of the exceptions for several reasons. The subject is broad enough to allow for variety and growth; there are literally thousands of titles and personalities to be explored. A goodly number of writers share the workload. This ensures multiple points of view and styles of pursuit. These elements all point to avoidance of the ever pervasive rut.

After having emphasized the amazing Italian sleaze film circuit over the previous seven issues of this former newsletter, Craig decided to give forum to other European arenas, perhaps to avoid having the zine thought of as Italian Trash Cinema. Whatever the motive, justice is served and the rut sidestepped with players in the French and German cinema paid proper attention.

Having little actual knowledge of the ins and outs (shall we say) of this niche in the film world, the in-depth exploratory tenor of both the articles and reviews were very useful. French actress Brigitte Lahaie spoke of the entire filmmaking process in a candid fashion rarely entertained by Americans. Rather than simply saying that everyone does marvelous work and is a complete joy to work with or for and other cliches, she gave her opinions in a well reasoned manner, allowing the reader to accept her statements for what they are. The ensuing filmography helps to give even greater perspective to her statements, for as is shown, Lahaie is a veteran of more than 100 films.

Veteran French Director Jean Rollin speaks in a similar fashion, not backing down from queries about having made porn under an assumed name. He dismissed that batch of flicks as being uninteresting and explains that they were done simply to pay the bills. He points out the porn and sleaze he's directed and that he is proud of. The honesty and openness is refreshing in both of these Francophones. It's just not something I'm accustomed to in film personalities.



郵便はがき

But, shit, the bottom line is that this stuff is all a bunch of fun. Were talking about ridiculous, blood spattered slasher flicks and can-can pornography and other exploitation films. Some of the graphics include titty shots of Lahaie, a scene from the Rollin film, *Bacchanales Sexuelles*, where a woman slashes the throat of a tied up nude, and an incredible special effect still of a woman with a pair of scissors jammed open into her eye sockets. To quote featured French film critic-turned-director Claude Chabrol, "okay, so these films are trash; but let's not do it by halves. Let's get into the trash up to our necks".

Right on! If you want not just to watch the flicks, but to get up your neck in the trash, check this out along with the companion *ASIAN TRASH CINEMA* (reviewed and panned earlier by Rev. Piche').

FISH BALLS AND COFFEE #1
BABY FIST PUBLISHING
PO BOX 120652
NASHVILLE TN 37212
\$1



From the land of the Grand Ol' Opry comes the digest sized equivalent of an Answer Me! Jr. The themes are perfectly identical, only the execution and volume have been nipped in the bud.

Right from the politically incorrect cover, with the line "Hey Faggot!" and a fist glancing across a face, through an anti-homeless beggar rant and two serial killer profiles, the only thing preventing me from believing Jim and Debbie Goad produced this was the inclusion of a recipe for fried balls of fish.

Actually, I like this quite a bit more than Answer Me! because they keep it brief. The profiles of Herman Mudgett and Peter Kurten go quite a long way in indulging the reader, using comical quotes from the men and the ironic truth without getting into pathetic tones of homage. The piece on the effects of getting stoned on Robitussin cough syrup and resultant constipation was a good laugh. Rev. Dr. David B.2 got the job done without becoming redundant or self-indulgent. Such restraint is worth a dollar, I reckon.



GIRL ART GAZETTE
SKIDMARK PRESS
PO BOX 293
BROOKLINE MA 02146
\$1.25

Don't you start getting the wrong idea that this digest is the result of a bunch of grrrls getting together and drawing for the sake of a zine. For better or for worse, depending upon your point of view, I'm not preparing to tell you about some sort of reflections of life from a woman's point of view or anything quite so honorable. This is the result of a bunch of guys convincing their girlfriends and the half-drunk grrrls they found at the corner bar to get nekkid for them to have an opportunity to scribble facsimiles of their form in between gawks. Throughout history, the world's greatest artists have celebrated the female form, and now so have guys like Seth Deitch, Khoi Vinh, Paul Neff, and Ron Rege.

It's also a great way to raise some quick cash. What sells better than the female form? Ask the boys on Madison Avenue. They'll tell you NOTHING can compare... in terms of sales. This will easily suffice as a nifty little stroke mag for at least 30% of you.

-Ed Godard

HORNY BIKER SLUT #6
LAST GASP
777 FLORIDA ST
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94110
\$3

I've always been a big fan of the *Horny Biker Slut*. It's a really funny comic and unique because it is one of the few comic out there that goes all-out to super explicitly detail all of the sickest, disgusting, hardcore pornographic antics imaginable. It's definitely the filthiest comic as it claims to be.



Horny Biker Slut is more graphic and sicker than even most other porno comic. John Howard and his team of artists have a combined artistic style that is so distinct. You always know their work when you see it. They've reached that certain level of proficiency. They exaggerate all the right features- especially in the sex scenes- and further manipulates the technique to distort, make abstract, look gross, or even more natural.

I mean, most men can't store that much jizz in their goobags, let alone discharge it all like the guys in HBS. If they could, what sort of new sexual territory would we cross? Would we break down any sexual barriers? Would we have a new source for wallpaper paste? And if women could really have such bodies!

Look beyond the comedy in this one. The artwork is all-out quality and detail. Am I making sense? Who cares! I give it a perfect 10 of 10. It's a porno lover's comic for its creativity as well as use of every available stereotype.

(I never got a hold of #5. Howard made a reference in #6 to some "look alike contest". Only one person sent in a photo. I know hundreds of women- literally hundreds that fit the bill. I'd have sent in a photo or two.)

-Steve Bostwick



JULIE ON THE NIGHT TRAIN
HUGDEBERT
EUROPEAN PICTURES PUBLISHING
PO BOX 20
CAMPHONE CH 6911
SWITZERLAND
\$9

I NEED IT BAD!

If there's one thing I can't stand about a story, it's confusion over who's in the story. It might be over my head, but I'd like to follow the story. I do believe the title is *Julie on the Night Train*. Why does the main character introduce herself as Carole Thomas? Sure, she only rides the night train so she can fuck strangers, but why the name game? Is she lying to her friends? You don't even really have a clue as to what her life is like outside the trains. Of course, we may not care.

The artwork is good- resembling that of my artistic mentor Albrecht Durer. It's all sex, which is cool enough, but I do like a story. Just like so much porno, there is no substance other than the sex. It quickly develops into typical "just get yer rocks off" stuff. Unlike cartoonish comic like *Cherry Popart* or *Horny Biker Slut*, Julie looks like those soap opera strips in the daily paper like *Judge Parker* or whatever. There is an initial amount of seriousness to the first few frames, and then...

Y'know, a straightforward, serious plot isn't a bad thing when you've spent good hard-earned money. When I have to look at images that are supposed to be very natural and realistic, when it comes to fucking and sucking, the images had better be darn good. For 9 bucks, I could have gotten a lot more elsewhere. Carole is a sexy character in a number of the frames, and the theme has potential to make a really great, sexy storyline if continued and developed. Hugdebert ought to concentrate on that storyline and give it more detail- more clout, if you know what I mean. That way the artwork wouldn't have to be all work. Give it a 5 of 10.

-Steve Bastwick

SEX SLAVES

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I AM OVER 18 YEARS OLD & REQUEST THIS MATERIAL.

JUSTINE
LUV BUNNI PRESS
PO BOX 682
HADLEY MA 01035-0682
send stamps

I first met Justine when she was "vacationing" from her job as a stripper in Cleveland. When, through the course of conversation, her waged activity came up, she gladly answered all my inquisitive proings with honest and articulate anecdotes. Most of what I was interested in knowing dealt with locations, atmospheres, population (and responses thereof), and preparation (emotional and physical). The stories that were shared with me during that late night kitchen table conversation overwhelmed me with emotive empathy that manifested not only as respect but also as admiration.

This zine is a wonderful document of the struggle to make "it" fit. There can be very few writers who devastate me so totally as this woman, so I can only Fawn over her brilliant talent. If you get this zine, you will have to reconfigure some of your safe little assumptions. You will feel the comforting embrace of a vigorous perversion searching for outlets of autonomous expression. To me, that is what "it" is all about. So what are you waiting for?

-Diane Shelton, ksc

KNIFE #5
ZEDGRAV
PO BOX 26051
WESTMINSTER STATION
WINNIPEG MAN 3C4 K9I
CANADA
50 cents



Knife is cool. Chris' struggle to rediscover and reconfigure the encounter with mundane punk rok normatives is a fascinating documentation of authenticity. The rant about the "pit" is tough for me to understand, for I never heralded the merits of such brutality. The oppression is brutally suburban. Dance not unless to dance to destroy heaven. Boys and girls beware: coffe and ramblings make not an Aaron Comeonme be.

Layout is a provocative mess. Bad cutting eliminates all pretension which might have been conveyed by the fancy inserts and folded paper bits. Lost youth in the wasteland. Go to the library and photocopy art and photography books. Oh yeah... God does swing both ways, but prefers to be on top. Go finger.

-Rev. John X. Piche



I Love to Masturbate!

MAN BAG #2
ARTPOLICE, INC.
4115 39TH AVE S
MINNEAPOLIS MN 55406
\$2

Hello! Open the thing a find on the inside cover a drawing of one of those she-males- you know, both tits and a dick. Of the few words inside, the first are a notice that *Man Bag* is a strokebook and not much else, which is fine. I just have to tell you what sort of strokemag it is.

Most of the drawings center around a few limited acts. Many have women sucking cock or with spew dripping from their noses or chins. Others depict urination or defecation scenes. The centerfold is an unbelievable scene of a swimming hole with eight nudes frolicking about, a pipe dumping some kind of liquid into the hole and two of the women *shitting* at poolside. The one in the foreground is on her knees and, with her head turned around, facing the reader. The one in the background is dumping right into the hands of a man and another woman. Naturally, there is one drawing of a woman *shitting* while blowing a man with an oversized prong.

The best, and probably the most likely to get the producers into court is a drawing of what appears to have been a young girl's birthday party gone bad. The birthday clown is lying, apparently dead, on the floor, with a huge bulge in his pants and a rope around his neck. Two of the little girls have their hands up their skirts. The "art" on the wall is a fuck scene.

I'm more inclined to laugh at the drawings than to stroke to them. These are the sorts of scenes that should be in photographic pornography, just because they are so unbelievable. Leave the drawings to the plain human forms where the imagination can live them up. These drawings need *clarity* to live them up.

Who knows if we got the right address or not. The envelope the zine came in had two addresses on it. A sheet of paper had yet a third. We went with the address that was in the return space of the envelope, even though it differed from the one in the zine. Confused? So am I. Send an age statement if sending for a copy or they won't send it. Capice?

-Ed Godard

MASTURBATING IN A CHURCH
13377 BAHNFYRE DR
ST LOUIS MO 63128
send stamps



NINETY-THREE POINT FIVE
SC MICHAELS
PO BOX 734
MT ANGEL OR 97362



Here's a short, quarter-sized little rant dealing with the anguish of an ex-alter boy. I never had that surge of power, standing beside the anointed Holy Practitioner, assisting the performance of elaborate rituals, nor have I internalized so much of my supposed guilt-ridden religious background. I grew up in a pseudo-Catholic household, knowing the baby Jesus loved me (I trace my paedophilic leanings to this fact), and I only went through a natural, and thankfully short, phase where I was ashamed about touching my peeper. But never did I feel that God was going to punish me for it. So even though I empathize and understand his anger and fret, I can not really sympathize. I've always wanted to have sloppy, nasty sex on the altar, right under the hanging icon of the dying Christ.

This is a decent little effort, but never really gets into any good detail about shooting one's fuck on holy ground, as the title would have me assume were to happen. Too bad, really. I wandered once in an empty confessional, but that is another story.

-Rev. John X. Piche'

MISSIVES #1
PO BOX 10685
PORTLAND OR 97210
send stamps



Sophie came up with a great idea for a slice-of-life zine. She reprints letters. Big deal? Friends, in this issue alone, we've reviewed the efforts of folks that write about washing dishes and about shopping at thrift stores, so could letters have any less potential? Maybe they do in the sense that we as a society just don't write letters like we used to. We use buzzwords and in-crowd slang and we do it on the phone. Sophie acknowledges this and is asking for submissions of letters. They can be things you write to her or things you've received.

In this first issue an odd letter with a 1977 postdate leads off the submissions. It was sent to complain of abuse in the hospital by a semi-literate sort. A postcard from Drummond, Nebraska, home of world famous "bull shippers" (yuk yuk) is reprinted. A letter from a dad to a college bound daughter, full of "do what's best for you" fatherly advice, was written in January of 1968 on board a United flight from San Francisco to Chicago. A postcard from Honduras follows. Little pieces of scattered lives come together, not so much to tell a particular story, but to give bits of this and that.

It brings to mind an interview I did with Mike Watt, who plays bass for a group called FIREHOSE. Before the FIREHOSE days, Watt and childhood pal D. Boon played in a very worthwhile band, the Minutemen, until Boon's death. Boon once suggested to Watt that he consider a change in his lyric writing.

Kole: Tell me about the song "Take 5, D."

Watt: Well, the title was to get him to back off, but the lyrics were a note. D. said, "Watt, you gotta write some more real life." So the first thing I found was a letter from the landlady.

Kole: Bad plumbing, right?

Watt: Yep. The caulk on the tub came loose and if you showered, the water would go down the walls. She wrote a note. Bad sentences. But we made the song out of it.

Kole: And that was real life enough.

Watt: Yep. D. loved it.



This is the kind of zine which gives me diarrhea and makes me wish to god that these types would simply stay hooked to their pathetic Internet™, typing away to people who enjoy VTD headaches and carpal tunnel paining aches. Stop wasting postage and photocopying expenses. Lords know that I don't care if your X-mas card is now beginning to scare you or what you think about the pitiful television programming on Fox. No layout exists except for computer type and lines separating random thought from random thought. No creativity, no insight, and no purpose leaves me hating life. I SHIT on this! Stop all publishing activity immediately you squirmy little bootlicking worm! Get a life and develop an opinion! Fuck off!

-Rev. John X. Piche'



QUIJA SCRABBLE
2:35
PO BOX 136
STATION P
TORONTO ONT M5S 2S7
CANADA

No. 598175 Without a doubt the most remarkable and interesting and mystifying production of the day. Its operations are always interesting and sometimes valuable; answering, as it does, questions concerning the past, present and future. Full directions for operating the Ouija board accompany each board. Packed each one in a postcard box. Cannot be sent by mail. Price, each, \$1.00. Shipping weight, 5 pounds.

I'm always pleased to find an author or artist who knows the limitations of the project they're working on. Concept magazines often wallow and die because the ideas, while good, are few. Undaunted, certain authors and artists will milk their little good idea until it's as sour as old curds, ten volumes, 100 pages, five episodes, twenty paintings, or six albums too many. Rock and roll may provide the best examples of all, but that is all another story. 2:35 tells a nice, little story over the space of 12 (including covers) pages that is better than 100,000 400-page science fiction monstrosities.

The story is simple. Two friends get together for a little board game fun. One brings a Ouija™ board, the other brings Scrabble™. One gets the idea to combine the two for an interesting twist. The other agrees and they proceed, not before smoking a little hashish. As hoped, the pair interact with the spirit world, receiving disturbing, anti-social messages. Both decide to quit playing when spooked enough, watch videos, and I imagine, sought the comfort of wee bit more hash.

The images which support the tale are effective in their photocopied simplicity. Together, the story and images support a strong framework, but leave enough of the decor to the reader's imagination to make for a nice, thought-provoking read.

PANSY SUPERZINE #7
IAN
1318 4TH ST
BERKELEY CA 94710
send stamps



This here's a supercool kombination of essays, short stories, and phat cartoons which all make me very jealous since I can't draw. *Averil Park* is a series of vignettes from childhood remembrances that had me spooked and quite honestly disbelieving in hopes of denial. I have a hard time reviewing material such as this for it hits very close to my turf, meaning I love it and produce similar things.

Est this with the vigor it deserves. Intelligent, talented writers and artists publishing their own madness warms the heart. Someday, when these folks are famous and THEY are constructing literary theory about the body of work left behind, this small packet of banded paper will be marked down as *privately circulated magazine/pamphlet*. Get in on the ground floor now.

p.s.: I didn't like *Phoebe*, though.

-Rev. John X. Piche'

If you're a big fan of those classic movies we like to call "BadFilm", whether they be from the 1930's, 50's, 60's or 70's; whether they be horror, sci-fi, or any of the various exploitation modes; if somehow you've missed this mag, for shit's sake, get away from the blue ray for more than a half and get a hold of this. Why? Well, most of us can't take the VCR to work. Psychotronic not only serves as an excellent substitute for viewing but gives a heck of a lot more than the flicks themselves.

Watching the flicks is great fun and to augment our viewing want lists, Michael Weldon and staff bother to reviews flicks from the 1920's to the present. To augment the reviews, the layouts always incorporate the fascinating stills which were supposed to attract an audience. Stills are a bigger bang for your buck today than they were then, not just because the collecting scum hoard the things, but because few things please the eye more than the sight of the lovely still for *The Pigkeeper's Daughter*. Take a seductive looking bimboette clad in the stringiest of string bikinis, holding three piglets- one slightly obscures each breast, and the third, while dangling by its tail, covers the nymph's kitty cat with a devilish grin. The whole thing is topped by the caption, "she brought a new meaning to the phrase- 'DRIVING A HARD BARGAIN'", all obvious sexual overtones perfectly intentional, of course. Books and even records are also reviewed.

The over-the-top aspects are the interviews and the inclusion of some autographed photos from Johnny Ramones' collection. Apparently the guitarist of the Ramones is a big fan of pre-1970 female film stars as evidenced by the inclusion of stills of the likes of Fay Wray, Elsa Lancaster, Marie Windsor, Vampira, and the knife-wielding Irish McCallia. It's cute to think of Johnny approaching these women, pen in hand saying, "uhhmm... I'm a real big fan of yours... I've seen every movie you've ever been in and, uhhmm, I was wondering if you could, uhhmm... well, it's for my brother... his name is uhuh, John". And they smile knowingly and write, "To John- Ah The Best", wink at him and say, "here's the autograph for your brother... he is in your band, too Mr. Ramone?" or some such thing.

Oh, and interviews. Subjects this issue are Robert Clarke, Radley Metzger, James Best, and Stuart Lancaster. None seems to be featured for what I would have thought to be the obvious reasons. I know Best as of Boss Hogg from the *Dukes of Hazzard* show, but he appeared in a slew of flicks, including the Ma and Pa Kettle things, *The Beast* From 20,000 Fathoms, the incredible Forbidden Planet, etc. Lancaster was, of course, the "old Man" in *Easter Pussycat Kill Kill*, but also the grandson of one of the Ringling Brothers of circus fame.

Psychotronic is a FANzine done right. The content is excellent, composed of real substance in place or the usual duh-fan raving. Hell, the *obituaries* in PV are worth more than half of the 50s horror zines combined. Best of all, it's bursting from the saddle stitching with great photos that make time travel seem like reality. It makes me want to load up the convertible with bags of chow and head for the drive-in and commandeered it from the flea market folks.

RAMBA #10
EROS
PO BOX 25070
SEATTLE WA 98125-1970
\$3

TREAT ME LIKE A SLUT

Ramba is a very strong oncoming legend in the adult comic world, with all ten episodes appearing within the short span of two years. Ramba is very sexy and makes Sly Stallone look royally pussy-whipped. She goes through all sorts of torture and never has trouble finding trouble.

In this issue, we find Ramba under attack by snipers while finally catching up with her villain, only to discover that it is someone she is familiar with and had already sought vengeance on.

Marco Delizia articulates the skin tones very well with the different characters in the story. It is very hard to manipulate black and white pen and ink to give a natural look to an African-American, Hispanic, etc., but he nails it. The series suffers from the same ills as most porn films- the dialogues are predictable and cheesy. I believe the dialogue is just as legitimate and important to adult comics as to any other comic. Still, Ramba is on the right track, even overcoming the obvious spin-off source. Dig the simple masculine/feminine differentiation provided by Espanol. 8 of 10.

-Steve Bostwick

RIOT GIRL VANCOUVER #5
HOLLIE
PO BOX 1457
STATION A
VANCOUVER BC V6C 2P7
CANADA
send stamps



Is it cool? Is it sexy? Is it necessary? Is it? I sadly quote: "River (as in deadboy Phoenix), thank you for being my first big crush on a guy I couldn't relate to, Shaun Cassidy doesn't count. For being the boy I dream wouldn't burp Burger King when we kissed. For being a sissy-fag-nancy-boy even if you weren't. For not being a hunk waiting for his next photo shoot... For admitting we're all liars. And for the realization that dying is the easiest part of living."

I thank River for being a money-grubbing-drug-addicted-fucked-up-rich-hippie-boy and for proving that with fame comes cliché. I thank river for dying a star's death, running the full gamut and solidifying the corporate marketing scheme. This generation has been hand-delivered its James Dean, Jim Morrison, and Caesar Chavez all rolled into one grease-haired, cold, sex kitten. What has this got to do with a Riot Grrrl fantasy? Well, this is a sloppy, boring mess. Where is the anger? Where is the power?

-Diane Shelton, ksc.

ROLLERDERBY #12 GIRLS HOT FOR GUYS WITHOUT A CLUE
PO BOX 424762
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94142-4762

Although #12 isn't exactly current (it's up to #14 by now, methinks), it is as representative of what goes on in the Derby pages as any other. If you haven't picked up a copy yet, Rollerderby is the brainchild of one Lisa Suckdog, the performance "artist" who toured doing an "opera" called "Lost Kittens". This chaotic show consisted of Lisa, her Francophone friend Costes, and others running around, screaming and punching at the audience. High points were the use of the litter box by the female "Kittens" and Costes throwing the result at the crowd.

What's that got to do with the zine? Plenty. That background info puts everything in greater perspective and in fact, enhances the frying pan-over-head effect infinitely.

You see, the persona of the zine is that of a girl about 9 years old with visions romantic and innocent. Lisa stumbles onto forceful female personalities like Lydia Lunch and totally disarms her in a way a male couldn't- by talking about makeup. Ms. Lunch realizes the play and tries to re-establish a tone of force, and comes off as well as a zit-faced teenaged heavy metal fanatic trying to convince some chick how tough he is because he listens to metal.

Lisa likes to interview her mom, which is just incredible. What would your mamma say if she knew you went around the country throwing soiled kitty litter at people who paid to see you perform half-naked?

Mom knows what Lisa does, yet she tells her all of these embarrassing, personal things, when being interviewed. Check this out:

LISA: What do you think is men's ideal body part?

MARY ELLEN (Lisa's Mom): When I grew up in the 60s, it was big breasts.

Lisa: Period?

Mary Ellen: Well, and then they might get around to eventually looking at the legs.

Lisa: You used to wear padded bras.

Mary Ellen: Oh, yes. *You better not put this in your paper*, but I told you about the one with the removable inserts. When I was young and some guy wanted to... ahem, make out, then I would... *(emphasis supplied)*

It's the personality, folks. It's downright incredible. So you have this 9 year old girl persona and then you have mom talking about getting it on, and I forgot to mention the photos. Friends, the photos are pure sex appeal. Mighty twisted, but appealing on a rather contradictory level. They play into that "it could never happen to me" notion. The cover girl is in her nightie, her man is face down in bed, blood is splattered all over the walls, and A GUN is in her hand. Male readers are going to look at this girl and think, "Hmmm. Nice legs... Yeah... great legs... Cute face, I guess... in bed... ready to go... I'd do her..."

HEY STUPID! She's got a gun, smart guy! Oh... that's right. She'd *never* do that to *you*. Things like that *never* happen to you. The female spider kills her mate after the deed's been done... *unless it's you*. Sure.

The comics supplied by Lisa's friend Dame Darcy summarize all of the feelings conveyed in what is perhaps the perfect format for doing so and in the perfect style. They're fairly amateurish, occasionally roughly depicted, happy-go-lucky, semi-fictional creations situated in chaotic landscapes. (Darcy drew this issue's center spread art)

Other discussions involve her night owl, hill jack neighbors and the trials and tribulations therein. The point is, the personality of the zine is paralleled by few others (*Nothing Sacred* comes to mind). Zines that try hard to be personal or that are one-sided reports of "what I've done" usually come off as conceited or trivial. Rollerderby is neither, but rather is incredibly interesting and stimulating on several levels most anyone can relate to. Intellectual snobbery is checked at the door. No high-faluting sense of bearing or importance exists whatsoever. Rollerderby is pure fun and is recommended.

SMITE #1
PO BOX 624
DIBOLL TX 75941
\$1

Many publications are casually referred to as zines as being short for *fanzine* rather than magazine. What's the point? The premier issue of *SMITE* is neither. A quarter of this 12-pager is dedicated to giving Gilligan's Island the sort of stream-of-consciousness questioning Andy Rooney might give to, say, toast.

"Have you ever wondered why people eat toast for breakfast, but not dinner?" "Have you ever wondered why the Professor brought so much equipment for a three-hour tour?" "Was he selling secrets to the Red Chinese?" etc...

An honest-to-goodness Gilligan FANzine would have dedicated all of its pages to the castaways, spinoffs and other related stuff. Just when Smiter gets into obsessive gear, it turns attention to the sorry Star Trek v. Star Trek The Next Generation debate. OK, so it could be a 60's TV fanzine.

Just when it looks like *this* may be happening, a superhero type comic appears. Editor RL Porter took a strip and changed the dialogue to create a story featuring a Samsonesque caped hero who requires beer and fine Cuban cigars for strength. For lunch, he and his sidekick rope an airplane-sized eagle, yet must join forces with another superhero who has beer.

Oh well. So it ain't a fanzine. Time will tell where this will go.

SUPER ABSORBANT ANTI-CHRIST #1

ANDREW
PO BOX 3267
SAN DIEGO CA 92163-1267
send stamps

We need to work toward flooding the market- even if for the moment merely the intellectual market- with a mass of desires whose realization is not beyond the capacity of man's present means of action in the material world, but only beyond the capacity of the old social organization.

With the previous venomous statement of purpose my penis became erect and I prepared myself for the proto-Facult/Marxists/ Situationist stimulation that gets me off really quickly. Sadly, this degenerates from goading me to *action* to making me mad that the ideas were so unnaturally underdeveloped. The potential for calibrated analysis is overwhelming, yet we slide into a killzone of popular culture- *Twin Peaks*, *Phantasm*, and *Xenogenesis*. The microwave of Andrew's brain has left me with only the surface heated and the good middle section refrigerator cold. The mission remains viable and the structure will be torn down, just that much more slowly.

-Rev. John X. Piche'

SWITCH HITTER #1
955 MASSACHUSETTS AVE #148
CAMBRIDGE MA 02139
\$2

One out, bottom of the ninth, a runner on third. Johnson comes to the plate. In the sixth, facing Veeblefeister, Johnson swung right. Here against Jerky he'll move to the left side in hopes of pulling the ball into right field and bringing in the winning run.

Fine, but that's not what this one's about. The old joke goes that bisexuals have twice as good a chance of finding a date than a straight or a homo and it stands to reason. Of course, Daddy taught me that a man doesn't fuck another man, but I'd be lying if I said the thought hadn't crossed my mind. Plenty of times before my short-lived marriage (and swearing off of women- won't go near 'em) I used to get all bummed out if I didn't have a date on a Saturday night. So every now and then, I thought about it.

The writers haven't just thought about it. They've done it and some have been kind enough to tell us about it. One woman had a bad marital experience with a woman and she finally ended up marrying a man. The tale of coming to grips with the idea of never going on another muff-diver and of retaining credibility with militant GAY friends is a great study in coping.

Most of the rest deals with the joy of getting off with both sexes. Commentary comes from both men and women so as to give better perspective to readers regardless of gender, but the tone is largely female, which is real refreshing to anybody who's read more than one skinmag in the last year. The stroke poetry and stories are written by women- actual women, not the college-boy, intern geeks that invent the stuff for most strokemags. The cybersex fantasy thing with interchangeable organs for all participants was amazing. Made me want to get a computer. I'll want to get the next issue to see what their call for submissions dredges up.

-Ed Godard

TALKING RAVEN
The Journal of Imaginative Trouble
PO BOX 45758
SEATTLE WA 98145

This is what Croatan Express is not. This is published by Antero Alli, who is an integral cog in the inner machinations of the whole post-whatever circle of the surreal American underground intelligentsia.

This particular issue of folded newspaper deals with weather, various peoples' views on it, meta physical theories, and poo'e'tree. Can't say that I was moved to tears, but I did get a semi-erect peeper once or twice during the interview with Inga Muscio. The other interviews with professional artists, weathermen, and scientists are okay, but didn't merit more than a quick overview. Other issues are probably a ton more fun... this is the precursor to what is known in the business as *das shit*. Thank you for your patience.

-Rev. John X. Piche'

THE THIEF AND THE LYRE #1
LAARS
PO BOX 6261
DAYTONA BEACH FL 32122
2 stamps

All right. This zine has something to say. Well, not really. But at least it has a very nice narrative style- very personable, very believable at least. There isn't a self-conscious conceit such as "I am now WRITING for others to read what I have to say". Instead, we get the editor's ramblings on haircuts, rebuttals to newspaper propaganda, crude cartoons, and tiny scrawled printing relating the fucked-up nature of reality. Is it groundbreaking? Nope. The layout is bland and too white, but the attitude is way kool so send your stamps tonight.

-Rev. John X. Piche'

THRIFT SCORE #1
PO BOX 90282
PITTSBURGH PA 15224
\$1
e-mail: hoffo@drycas.club.cc.emu.edu

The essence of it all? Quite possibly. Having eschewed the information highway for the dirt road except in cases where we can pillage it for our own gain, Thrift Score does likewise to the overpriced, largely useless retail goods we were supposed to want and buy 20 years ago. Nevermind current "hip", "cool" grunge fashion. Thrifting provides economy and kitsch art, something Madison avenue only pretends to give, and only occasionally at that.

What is the singlemost entertaining source of laughter and embarrassment in your parents' house? The photo album, of course. Haw, haw- look at those glasses you got on there, mom! Hey, pop- dig those sideburns. Where'd you get those pants? I say, construct a shrine of this stuff. Let it serve as a reminder that most of the junk we think we need is actual crapola that will be laughed at by our offspring in 20 years. Fill a room with the junk. Frame it or place it on a pedestal. Let it always alert us that our money can be spent on better things, and in 20 years, if we still want it, we can get it at 5% of the original cost.

In celebration of the hunting and gathering of such items, this zine has been produced. Reader participation is sought in the hopes of a wider sharing in tales of retrieving trashed pop culture. We'd previously found a great zine (8-TRACK MIND / PO Box 90 / East Detroit MI 48021-0090) which caters to only one little niche in this field and are glad to find one willing to explore the whole realm. There's soul in them old bins.

TORTURED SCIENTIST #1
1703 18th AVE
SEATTLE WA 98122
\$2

Let's face it. The world of science really is filled up with a stockpile of boring, plastic pocket protector wearing nerds. Those brimming with creativity usually weed themselves out before succumbing to insanity, although a few devise coping methods. This zine is one such example.

Who but a bored scientist would create a phony news flash introducing a new male contraceptive? A pervert? Granted. They devised something called the "Umbrell", a device to be shoved through the head of the penis and into the scrotum where it opens like an umbrella where the spermicide exists. The creators of the device were reported to be quite pleased with the experiments, which left only a few male grad students dead, with most experiencing bleeding. Makes you wanna get one, right guys?

A most useful article gives how-to's and what-to-look-for's when assisting and/or participating in autoerotic asphyxiation. Naturally, all of the biological functions are described and this is helpful in understanding why one might want to tie a cord around one's neck while getting off. An entertaining short bit fondly recounts early introductions to science by a bigger, stronger older sister.

Chalk one up to boredom yet again. Actually, the scientific field is one that has gone largely untapped by the zine world, at least in this vein. The two writers of Tortured Scientist are good enough writers to bring lofty items down to commoner level and throw humor in for good measure. We'll look forward to future, hopefully larger issues.

BOOKS

HARDCORE HAYDUKE
BY GEORGE HAYDUKE
PALADIN PRESS
PO BOX 1307, DEPT ASY
BOULDER CO 80306

Goddamn sonofabitch fucked you over again? Was this time the last straw? Tried every imaginable compassionate, congenial, reasonable way to explain to the motherfucker that you don't appreciate their actions and *still* they just don't get it? Want to GET EVEN? Of course you do, and you have arrived at just the right place to get your ideas.

Oh, the author and publisher both go out of their way to let the reader know that Hayduke's techniques are to be taken in for **entertainment and information purposes only**. Right. Like the codiene cough syrup is for medicinal purposes only. Sure. Well, if taken strictly as entertainment, you can't lose. Hayduks spins a good yarn and doesn't tangle it all up with extraneous nonsense. He cuts to the quick with his short tales of vengeance, happily throwing around the vernacular in a down-to-earth fashion. Of course, this again reminds us that Hayduke and his friends are not mere theorists. They are do-ers and they will quickly stimulate the minds of other action-oriented folks.

Most importantly, Hayduke gives pointers on how to avoid detection. If you seriously plan to fuck with a genuine dickhead, odds are that if caught, the dickhead will do everything he can to exact revenge on you. Why create a vicious circle? Do it right. The best tip? Forget about your target (herein called a "mark") for at least 6 months. If you act too soon, you'll be the obvious suspect. A friend of mine got a

parking ticket in a particular city. Cost him \$40. He decided to exact in revenge about 100 times that amount about a year after paying the fine. Late one night, he returned to that particular city and shot out all of the lights on a particular street. When you figure in manpower hours to the cost of new bulbs and covers, the city really took a beating on that \$40 fine!

The list of potential gags to play out on potential marks is huge. Scan this list to see if these individuals or businesses might have earned your ire: pro-lifers, bullies, landlords, drunks, bar owners or patrons, bosses, neighbors, bankers, police, etc. A potential list of props includes: explosives, drugs, plants, police, Q-tips, paint, mail, and computers. If you want to get a little more sophisticated, there is even a list of sources for catalogs of odd things that might be useful (see the Loompanics, Delta, Eden, etc. catalogs and reviews throughout our pages).

You'll read it from cover to cover in about 2-3 hours and if when finished you're not plotting and planning, you may wish to check out any of the dozen or so other similar books penned by George Hayduke. Hell, it even comes in a nifty hardcover version, but be advised: Hayduke recommends that if pulling of a particularly nasty stunt, you should AVOID HAVING HIS BOOKS IN YOUR HOUSE AT ALL COSTS!!! Good advice, George.

LIKE A GOD I LOVE ALL THINGS

by BILLY CHILDISH
HANGMAN BOOKS
2 MAY ROAD
ROCHESTER
KENT ME1 2HY
ENGLAND

Poetry, ehmoetry. So much involves an attempt to one-up the reader by using words only a handful of us have ever seen, much less understand. Leave it to a seemingly semi-literate dislexic, best known for his efforts in various R'n'B-styled rock groups (The Milkshakes, Three Mighty Caesars, Three Headcoats, etc.) to reach down into his soul and express some rather down-to-earth and genuine feelings.

The book is augmented by the woodcut art of the writer. The simplicity of the crude depictions, rendered here in black and white, work well with the simplicity of the words. Here's a man who was raised in a depressed industrial city, Kent, realized the bleak future that awaited him, and even though he has experienced moderate success through his music, he carries the bitterness of being misled by the lies and promises of the industrial age. And you gotta love a guy who sings the praises of four letter words in a poem. The worst of the lot? "Take", which ranks ahead of "luck" and "cunt" in Childish's poem.

I guess the most jarring thing to me is the realization of all this is. Poetry has always meant for me an opportunity to be an avenue of lyrical expression. Of course it can mean a million other things, but I tend to look for something personal or real. It is to my complete and utter astonishment that I have come to find *exactly* that from someone I had come to "know" as something of a gutteral rocker. The surprise only partially lies in the fact that it is Childish that penned the lines. That a rocker's poetry has come to belie anything but, and I hate this overused, underunderstood word, pretension, blows me away. Rockers always seem to be interested in getting laid after the show or scoring that record contract. These days, the most pure of the bunch tend merely to be after some bonding, usually male. Poets so often seem to go out of their way to use big words, or crazy speech patterns, or shocking language just to make some sort of impression. Rarely does either form strike me as arriving at something I might call "art". Goddamn me if Billy Childish doesn't do it here.

I'm not going to invent accolades for him like "genius" or anything like that. All he did was drop some words on a page that represented something in his guts. To me that's an artistic thing. It's real and it's worthwhile.

CASEBOOK ON ALTERNATIVE 3
UFOs, Secret Societies and World Control
By JIM KEITH
ILLUMINET PRESS
PO BOX 2808
LILBURN GA 30226
\$12.95

ALTERNATIVE 3 was the name of a special April Fool's Day 1977 edition of Anglia TV's programme SCIENCE REPORT. It detailed a plan by wealthy conspirators to leave the earth; leaving it a smouldering wreck and leave it for a moon satellite station.

Har har har. What a maroon.

Then a couple of writers decide the show was a good gag and could pull in a few bucks in paperback sales, so they develop (i.e. Americanize and pad) the story and shuck it out there for the masses.

Guffaw, guffaw, guffaw.

Then the writers started getting mysterious threats and warnings and they wondered why. Their book was a work of fiction (and plagiarism), right? *Maybe they were really on to something...*

Of course, that's the tack Jim Keith takes. From this position, he opens a monstrous can of worms, only one of which I'll discuss in any sort of marginal detail. The reason for that is the number of plots Keith discusses is so large, I could devote an entire zine to the discussion of each. Besides, I have no idea to which, if any, conspiracy theories any of you accept, but even the ardent followers have some that they reject out of hand. Keith proposes such an onslaught of plots that at several points during this book, any reader will have to pause, drop the book into the lap with the jaw not far behind. I honestly had my mind blown as I felt like a stupid fucking pawn, failing for the simplest ruses, helping the conspirators get their way. To illustrate, I'll discuss just one item: drugs.

By and by, Keith paints the picture of a consortium of wealthy conspirators. Their objective is to accumulate greater amounts of wealth at every turn. A complacent and docile populace helps grease the wheels of commerce. Drugs are an incredibly profitable commodity. They're cheap to produce and easy to sell. With key U.S. Governmental officials underfoot, the Conspiracy concocts the War On Drugs in order to stimulate demand and "reduce" supply. Mostly, supply is thought by the public to be reduced, so they are willing to accept higher prices. So they give more and more money to the Conspiracy and make themselves more and more complacent.

Imagine how contemptible agitators for legalized drugs look to anyone who accepts the above conditions as existing!

But the War on Drugs cannot be supported because to do so is to support the oppression of our neighbors who have been duped into using drugs. To support the War on Drugs is to give approval to a government which allows its military to violate the sovereignty of nations like Panama and Columbia. To support the War on Drugs is to give approval to a government that is accountable to a few rather than all. So what is the position to take? This will scare the shit out of you. I know it did me. JUST SAY NO.

For shit's sake, isn't that pathetic? The words of fucking Nancy Reagan are actually pretty damned good advice. Most so-called "free thinkers", "open-minded individuals", lefties, anti-big business people just aren't going to be able to swallow that one. Yet, the only way to avoid the Conspiracy is to do just that- avoid it like the plague. Anytime you smoke a little pot, you fund the Conspiracy. Anytime you vote Democrat or Republican, you help the Conspiracy. You have to live it and teach your kids to live it. It's work and ain't gonna be solved like a 30-minute TV sitcom. It's everything the whitebread "new conservatives" like Quayle have been talking about and it makes me want to commit hari-kari rather than admit Quayle is right.

This isn't necessarily Keith's conclusion- it's mine, but is the result of analyzing the presentation. Keith presents "explanations" for crop circles, UFOs, Jonestown, NASA, etc. here for greater thought and debate. It's an amazing can of worms and will thoroughly challenge even the most "open-minded" of you.

et cetera

THE UNDERGROUND CULTURE VULTURE

Package No. 3
408 WASHINGTON NW
WARREN, OH 44483
\$10

If all reading *Re/Search's Incredibly Strange Music* compendium did for you was make you want to go out and hear some of that arcane junk, but frustrated at where to find any of it—especially the pre-1970 LPs—consider getting a hold of these folks. Be advised that they deal in cash only.

In their venerable Package No. 3 we found a set of homemade cards, vaguely styled like those hip Ed Wood, *et al.*, trading cards. Each has a reproduction of those arcane album covers adorned with rubber stamp art and quick commentary. The cards will have a warm, familiar feel for anybody who has seen and enjoyed any one of the myriad zines which culls art from such esoterica. Think B-movies, Betty Page, ukeleles, Christian guitar strummers and the Salvation Army thrift store record rack. The set directly corresponds to the cassette zine, which samples these albums. Seeing Jim Jones on one card caused me to frantically play havoc on my deck's fast forward, stop, and play buttons in search for this particular snippet. Not having heard any of this balderdash before, therefore ending up lost and dizzy, I gave up my search for Mr. Kool-Aid, rewound, and listened from the beginning.

What a trip! The compilation creates the most unwittingly bizarre collage of skronks, spiels, and sonatas unrivaled by much of even the most innovative college radio experimentation I've heard. Before any one of the clips starts to get stupid, the narrator fades the sounds down and just reads liner notes from the LPs. Anyone who has read the "hip, with-it" liner notes of the albums of yesteryear knows what chuckles can be gleaned from such activity. Before the occasionally stumbling narrator becomes hard to tolerate, he's moved to a new clip.

The tape alone would make for great radio. The cards rounds out one of the best audio fanzines I've ever experienced. Here's hoping they do more in this format. Apparently, they've assembled about 100 tapes of the albums they've sampled here. Who knows what goodies lurk from just around our corner in nearby Warren.

SCHWA
BOX 6064
RENO NV 89513
e-mail: schwa@well.sf.ca.us

You've seen some of the art of Bill Barker and Scwha in the pages of our last issue and throughout this one. All of it is styled in minimalist geometrically defined drawings relying upon sharp lines of contrast using only by black and white. What is it all about? Is it just a bunch of cheap cartoons using a cheap style and cheaper design exploiting the cheapest scene covered by the cheap, grocery store rags (UFOs)? Shit, no. Well, not much. I'll explain later.

Each frame in the book tells a story of its own while contributing to a greater story. Examine the "Lost Time Detector" scene on Page 52. What do you see? A bunch of stick figures (humans) are at work while an alien abduction is taking place. Look at the various stick figures. About half are totally oblivious to the action taking place, which is remarkable, considering the bulk of the pages in the book which lead up to this page built up the idea that the aliens are to be feared because they may start abducting humans!

Half of the humans still feel compelled to work even though there is a significant threat to their well-being. Some have decided to watch TV. Others sat down to eat. A couple makes out. Some hold others at gunpoint. Very few are attempting anything that seems remotely connected with survival.

Just like real life, huh? The wee, little difference is that instead of aliens, the humans have given into those who'd have us work instead of play, work to buy shit we don't need, watch TV instead of think, give up instead of fight back. The cheap thing I kept referring to is the shitty experience many people have and insist on continuing to refer to as "their lives".

Another great scene, if you buy the idea that the aliens represent human leaders, is one of a UFO dropping blank cartoon quote balloons onto earth. The message? Business and political leaders draw from an endless supply of meaningless empty quotes to numb and pacify us and think nothing of it. In fact, that was my first reaction to the scene—nothing. It isn't until you stop and associate each item in the depiction and realize exactly what it is that the meaning hits.

Jabs aren't just taken at the "regular" zombies. The UFO paranoia and other conspiracy paranoia sufferers are fair game too. A stick figure rendition of the JFK assassination is completed by a saucer-shaped brain fragment. A farmland crop circle scene is mocked by wailing little stick figures under the shadow of a saucer. A little card, called the Real Life Viewer reads, "punch holes as shown as seen what really goes on when no one thinks you're watching" as if Barker were the secret answer that only he can tell you about in front of the lucky beholder, when all one will ever see is the same thing they would have except that this little card obstructs the view a bit.

The big, swank package of goodies goes for \$14, but he'll send you a goodie for free if you send an SASE. The package includes the more-illustration-than-printed-word Schwa book, stickers, an alien invasion survival card, post cards, a key chain, credit card, and even an alien necklace.

MIND CONTROL IN AMERICA
STEVEN JACOBSON/MCIA MEDIA
PO BOX 15734
WINSTON-SALEM NC 27113
\$12

The majority of the ideas expressed on this audio cassette will not surprise any of our readers. Most seem to accept the existence of some sort of conspiracies—whomever may be behind them. Jacobson waits until the very end of the tape to reveal the aim of the conspirators, building his case by explaining what propaganda must do in order to work and how communications media are used to do the job.

The starkest example of a successful propaganda campaign is his discussion of the film "Reefer Madness". Jacobson argues that the film actually helped create America's drug problems by suggesting to parents that marijuana was a threat to youth—even though American youth weren't using marijuana. At the same time, it showed young people having fun smoking pot, creating youthful curiosity in the drug. My high school chums used to watch *Reefer Madness* while smoking pot and laughing at the whole thing... how ironic is that?

Jacobson's ultimate conclusion is that the conspiracies exist to keep us caught up in the chase for material pleasures in order to keep us from our spiritual development. Why would they do that? Because they are themselves unable to develop spiritually, so they would like to prevent all the rest of us. I agree that the conspiracies exist to keep us materially enslaved, but I'm not convinced that They are trying to keep us from knowing God. If they are, and Jacobson is right (for who really knows when dealing with spiritual matters), the plot is without question the most devious and sinister plan ever hatched and should evoke the mass assassinations of the wealthy.

Without question the presentation is extremely thought-provoking. It may even change the way you live your life—if you dare to challenge yourself.

Alleged Music

Bark Psychosis
"Hex"
Caroline Records

A little man who lives inside a mushroom told me about this band. He said, "put it on and ye shall do a little dance". So I did, and I swayed and bowed to an hour long shot of pleasant melodies and harmonies.

Now, I'm not going to give any background on these guys because 1) I don't have any and 2) I'm not going to waste my time begging Caroline to send me data for this little magazine. What I can tell you is this: if your interests range from mid-1970s German prog rock to latter day vox/feedback bands like Spiritualized and Bear Quartet, you won't regret hearing this.

Seven songs make up Hex and each one builds upon the former. Personally, I have a bias for "Absent Friend" and "Pendulum Man" which provide a great amount of consciousness relaxation- great for those of you who play with mind machines and other new age bullshit.

I'm not sure what type of equipment they use however. Granted, there are the guitars and percussion, but the effects they can create seem to go beyond the standard pedals, effects machines, etc. Fuck old-timers like Eno, Sylvian, and other so-called ambient gurus. Bark Psychosis are part of the new breed of musicians offering you the latest in a series of mind expansion audio infiltration repertoire.

-John Turnipsmidgeon

Lou B's Acoustic Sentridoh
"Wasted Pieces... '87- '93" cassette
Shrimper
PO BOX 1837
UPLAND CA 91737

I don't know if Sebadoh brainforce Lou Barlow develops his songs by strumming and singing in the bedroom onto cheap tapes, listening to the raw versions, and then imagining other parts for his bandmates or for overdubs in the studio, but it sure sounds like these so-called "wasted pieces" could be little else. The raw recordings and the simplicity of Barlow and, in most cases, just his guitar seem like blueprints for a Sebadoh album.

Of course, that's all supposition. What *is* here are some 23 bits which tend to convey the components of Sebadoh in a piecemeal fashion. What's that? It's equal parts harsh self-analysis, lost or would-be love, a sweet, soothing voice, screams, songs that roar or build in a fantastic crescendo, or even grinding white noise. Occasionally when listening to Sebadoh records, I get the feeling that Barlow's feelings are muffled by the din of the band or the effects swirling from Lou's guitar. This

and other Sentridoh tapes tends to benefit from being stripped of, or more accurately, *having never been given* the rock'n'roll treatment and as a result, best convey Barlow's emotions.

Tom Cora
"Gurmpion In Limbo" CD
Sound Aspects
BOX 1150
D-7150 BACKNANG
GERMANY

The cello is one of my favorite acoustic stringed instruments for many reasons. Mainly, its tones are much warmer than those of the violin, viola or bass, especially the lowest two or three octaves. The violin simply cannot produce these pitches and while the viola can, it cannot match the warmth. The bass can match the warmth in its upper reaches, but then, who plays a solo bass fiddle?

While most folks wouldn't even consider these instruments if about to create some careening scree, opting instead for a distorted electric guitar, the classics are a fine source. Anyone who doesn't know how to properly draw the bow across the strings is bound to scrape the bridge, slide the horsehair screechingly, or cross the bridge and play on the wrong side causing weak, fuzzy tones. The novice doesn't know how to vibrate by "rolling" the finger rapidly over the string on the fingerboard. Novices can create *all sorts of ugly sounds* on a cello *without even trying*. Imagine what can be produced by someone who *knows* his instrument.

Tom Cora knows his cello. To great effect, he combines the warmest, richest tones with skronks and squeals to create a rather interesting thing to listen to. No one song sounds quite like the one before it as from song to song, Cora varies his emphasis from racing melodies, to assortments of noises, to double-stop dominated harmonies, and occasionally tosses it all into the same stew. Unlike so many experimental compositional efforts which lack melody, Cora gives just enough for those of us with shorter attention spans to hang on to while grasping the other chances he takes. His current association with British political rockers The Ex should give others a good enough excuse to check this out, despite the absence of distorted guitars, drums and the beleaguered English language. His previous entanglements with Eugene Chadbourne also help tie up the loose ends and help explain this thing to those who only know of him through the Ex.

Dame Darcy
"Mexican Crawling Poppy Seed" 7"
Nuf Sed
PO Box 591075
San Francisco CA 94159

After presenting her drawings in our center spread and talking about them in relation to ROLLERDERBY, the Dame Darcy Exposition here comes full circle with a review of her debut (I presume) record, which naturally is graced by her drawings on the cover.

To anyone who has studied her drawings for any length, the images of a speed-driven post-teen nymph with a predilection for things antique, especially clothing, are well established. It should come as no surprise, then, that her music is in a similar vein. Imagine a cacophony of sound- not fueled by overcranked electric guitars and amps, but by a banjo, auto harp, and xylophone. Add the sort of syrupy vocals crooned by singers of 1920s ballads, often interspersed with odd shrieks or whistling plied directly overtop that lot. Some of these psych bands like to believe they've invented the perfect time machine, and maybe they have, but Darcy has invented the perfectly fucked-up time machine, throwing notions like wasting time and having sheer fun into the mix. It is, however, virtually unlistenable to those expecting the perfect time machine, or even music.

Flying Saucer Attack s/t LP
VHF Records
PO BOX 7365
FAIRFAX STATION VA 22039

Well, I had heard the hype about these guys from the people at Bompl Records, that silly rotund BBC DJ John Peel, and others who raved about how these guys were the next Spacemen 3. Anyhow, I've heard it, and my initial reaction was, "yeah, ok, but nothing really, gripping, don't know if it'll ever get more than 2-3 plays."

But alas, on a day of utter boredom, I put this back in the CD player and it began to take over my senses. Songs like "Wish," "My Dreaming Hill," and "Still" bleated with feedback and various hisses and scrons (sounds I very much enjoy). Take the brilliant Perfect Prescription, add a dash of Red Krayola, and a dash of Columbus, Ohio's Stupid Fuckin' Hippie, and you get something called Flying Saucer Attack.

Look for the vinyl if you must buy because the packaging is super deluxe. The other pleasant surprise is the cover version of Suede's "The Drowners," which is completely turned upside down, feedback takes the place of the original's nasal vocals, and rocks out in a Susan B. Anthony kind of way. I like it, so there.
~John Tumipsumdgeon

Distorted Pony
"Instant Winner" LP
Trance Syndicate

New LP, new label. Moving from that old California label (and former zine -ed) Bompl to Trance have resulted in a more powerful output, both in terms of volume and songwriting. Although Punishment Room was a consistent effort, it didn't contain the harshness which is conveyed here. Pounding bass lines are all over the place as well as the Scorn-like guitars which seem to be tuned down throughout the whole record.

Listening to this in its entirety reminds me of the carousel scene in Hitchcock's Strangers on a Train. There I was, trapped in a powerful whirlwind, hunting down the source of my distant displeasure while the outside world pays no attention. Far fetched? I hope so! You see, I'm using this review as an attempt to get a job with the asskissers at CMJ (College Music Journal - Ed.). Anyhow, I really enjoy this record overall. Furthermore, I'm glad to see Trance building a strong cast of bands. Now, if they can only cut loose the shit on their roster (Crunt and the Cherubs). Adios, Santosos...

~John Tumipsumdgeon



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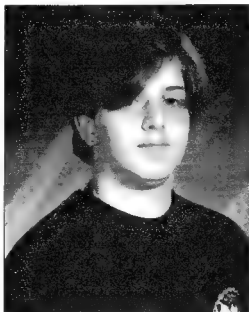
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HONK IF YER HORNY

"Gas, Grass or Ass" 7"

Hell Yeah!

PO BOX 1975

BURBANK CA 91507

Although they call it "country music without the 'o'", musically these cheeseballs give the nod to fairly authentic sounding 1970s Southern rock. This came as absolutely no surprise, since the front cover is adorned by some girl's ass, only slightly obscured by torn cut-off jeans. The rear photo features 8 "hicks" crammed into somebody's kitchen. The parody is bound to offend most everybody from Dixie who lacks a sense of humor... in other words, most everybody from Dixie thanks to the total insult dealt these folks through this characterization. Of course, it's a goddamned riot for the rest of us.

The three offerings found here are laced through and through with profanity and references to incest, drug use, and adultery meant not so much to be snide put-downs of the residents of this particular region and white trash in general, but ruthless attacks. It is probably the most thorough attack on the negative aspects of a group of people ever produced. If the project was called "Drive-By in the Hood", NAACP lawyers would be all over these guys like flies on shit.

All the same, it doesn't stop me from having a good bellylaugh. Their anthem "Gas, Grass or Ass" is much more a tribute to that short, free-wheeling era in world history known as the 1970s in America, as if the reference to that sticker adorning most every van of that day wasn't tip-off enough for you. They rock sufficiently enough so as not to embarrass themselves, and if drunk enough, it might even sound pretty great, within the realm of the genre. Come to think of it, I'd love to see them play live in some of Cleveland's redneck bars—just to see if they get it, and if they do, to see what kind of brawl might ensue.

Guided By Voices

"Clown Prince of the Menthol Trailer"

Domino U.K.

This is one in a series of new releases by GBV and appears on both the 7" and CD formats. OK, I admit to being something of a newcomer to this band, owning only the stuff since the Scat 7", however I pride myself on not seeking out new bands before they are discovered by the critics because I have better tasks to keep to, such as shining my shoes with a quail feather and seeking out Waldo in my Spaghetti-O's. Alas, this armchair critic can tell you that this CD is loads better than their full-length gem "Vampire on Titus". You see saplings, Pollard and the rest of his little troubadours are at peak form with numerous lyrical couplets that not only make you laugh, but ponder what exactly this school teacher is feeding his brain before he sits down to write.

"Hunter School" is the best track recorded by this band since "Big School" and "Over the Neptune", which appear on other releases. Seven songs total, and all are well worth the effort of securing an import, regardless of the fact that the running time is shorter than the amount of time required to cook a bag of rice. In addition, the graphics continue in the cut-and-paste vain, which only makes me wonder which band member is relegated to clip-art duty. Those indie rock losers will buy this before the band becomes huge, 'cause by that time, they will consider them *passe*.

~John Turnipsdigeon

Huggy Bear

Live at Peterson's Pankor

Amsterdam 2-28-94

Well, I did it. I spent almost all of my available cash just to cop a flight to the Netherlands and see one of my favorite pretentious political punk rock bands. Hell, this show even rivaled a performance I caught a week later by the Ex and Tom Cora. Just straight up rock and roll and doing it with a hammer. The Huggy Bears did some silly poems (at least that's what I took them to be because they were so stupid, and I think all poetry is just a half-assed attempt at drawing attention to yourself through the use of stupid syllable structures and a good Thesaurus). Anyhow, they played the standards: "Cam't Kiss", "Pansy Twist", "Teen Tights", etc., which just knocked me out of the atmosphere before the Pakistani hashish could.

Opening the show were those amusing Turkish lads called Cornershop. Boy was that neat watching a bunch of guys who looked like they haven't eaten in about a month rant about the political disenfranchisement of their people in England and other European areas. Granted, I love a good rock song, and shit, they delivered, but watching Suliman, or whatever the fuck

his name was scream in the mic and allowing all in attendance to view his Catal Huyuk oral hygiene was enough to distract me from their performance. Therefore, I can't really be objective or remember much of what they played. But they do have an LP and some EP's on England's Wilija label, so have a look for them if you care to.

~John Turnipsmidgeon

Pavement

Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain
Matador
676 BROADWAY
New York NY 10012



Ωελλ Μικε που βεττερ νσε τησε χαυσε Ι τινικ τηνυ
αρε γοοδ. θαακκ θαακκ θαακκ. μοο μοο σχρεεεμγκνβσην ω.
μντε στονε. θουσ βεατ τημε αλλ ωτη α ρυββερ μολλετ ανδ την
δο α ωηρπλινυ δερσιωτη δανχε, χουστμε ανδ αλλ, ωηλε εαανγ
ωαριουσ συσφεδ ολιωσε τηατ χομε φοοι α φαρ. Ανησηο, ΠΠμ
γοννα σενδ γου ουμε σπιζις κονιγητ αφτερ Ι γετ ουτ οφ ωορκ.
Ωειρδ τηνιγς ηααπεν, ωε σκεν ψεστερδαυ ανδ τηε φιρστ τηρεε
τηνιγς ωε σελλ αρε τηε βεατ Ηααπενινγ τριβυτε χδ, Βλαακ
ΦλαγΠσ Επερπτηνινγ Νεντ Βλαακ, ανδ α Ρεδ Κροσσ χδ. Βυτ
την τηε νουαλ θαμεσ Ταυηλορ Μοοδβ Βλυεσ βαακχαταλογερσ
χαμε ιντο πνι αν ενδ το τηατ τνπε οφ πυρχασιινγ. Φυακ τηε
χοα, Ι εααντ α νεοφαν ανδ α φαρ οφ χαπερσ φορ μπ υπερχλε. Αλλ
πρασε το τηε ωηπε τραση, φορ ωετηουτ τημε, τηρεε ωουαλδ βε
νο ητηαωεσ. Ποοκ ανδ λεττυχε. Στεακ ανδ δουηνιγντσ.
Σαμσιονε ανδ βεεσωαε.

~John Turnipsmidgeon

Totem Pole Of Losers

"Jesus, I Am Loving You" 7"
Amarillo
PO BOX 24433
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94124



A Job's Daughters spin-off? Good question. I have heard one record from Job's Daughters and noticed the presence of Brandon (Thinking Fellers Union Local 282) Kearney in that band as well as this. That record had songs that brought the solemn sounding late 60s/early 70s pop to mind... you know, like the Jesus Christ Superstar folkies and Jesus freaks strummed on their Elektra acoustic guitars with resounding choruses. Anyhow, this "group" uses the campiest, most sterile preprogrammed Casio keyboard sounds and rhythms intertwined with fuzz guitar.

The lyrics were penned by one Gregg Turkington, he of the crank call record "Telephuckyou" fame. In line with Job's Daughters, the title song's out and out sardonic attack on a devotion to Christ makes me warm inside as the listener is led back and forth between tales of rationalizing disasters as His Will and the charming and resounding chorus which comprises the title. Moving from Job's Daughters, the sardonic attacks resume on the B-side called, "My Compromise". The victim this time is the record industry which forces an artist to give up singing beautiful songs in order to write jingles designed to sell frozen chocolate-covered waffles.

Various Artists

"America The Beautiful" dbl CD box
RRR
151 Paige St
Lowell MA 01852



I'd be remiss if I left alone the notion I set forth earlier that RRR stuff is strictly unlistenable noise and plain shit masquerading as an attempt at experimenting with sound and yes, music. Sure, a whole bunch of it could be construed that way be even the most forgiving listeners, but a whole bunch more is very worthy of attention. This set is as good introduction as I could imagine, for it gives both sides considered above and more.

For their 10th anniversary, RRR compiled stuff revolving around the Americana theme. Thematic compilations seem destined to go awry, but this one doesn't and is pretty relentless. The shlick starts immediately with the case cover, lovingly adorned by a restyled Statue of Liberty, an erect cock in the right hand, an AK-47 in the left. As for the actual content, the most amazing thing is that throughout the nearly two-and-a-half hours o' stuff, the theme is only rarely strayed from, er, usually it's pretty obvious when employed. I wouldn't be surprised if I didn't get it here and there. More incredible still is that the most enjoyable tracks are the ones that best toy with the theme.

Right off Disc One's bat is a great rendition of "God Bless America", courtesy Negativland along with Rougeux. It seems a 1950's recording of the standard is the basic track supporting a deep voiced man who slaughters all notions of tonality, time, and melody. Applause and appropriate "thankyou! thankyou's" follow. Barry Dalive (har har) provides social commentary in "his" "Chokin' the American Chicken" through the use of sound bites from commercials, Manson, cartoons, and Ross Perot. John Wiggins pays tribute to the late American rock icon Frank Zappa in "Zappa Map: God Bless Frank Zappa" which is a piece seemingly constructed by assembling dozens of little Zappa sound bites, intertwining them with jumbled tape loops. Luxurious Bags spin an eerie tale of a man desperately trying to get a fix in the gas station john, augmented by harrowing white noise and ominous low tones... maybe the pick of the disc.

Highlights from Disc Two include the Out Of Band Experience's "Bonerland". The wonderful title comes from an even more wonderful lament which ends the track: "America isn't called America anymore... it's... bonerland". Phil Milstein's simultaneous destruction and recreation of "Louie Louie" is downright awe-inspiring. Portions of the original make their way in via the tape loop, but every imaginable interpretation, from marching bands, lounge schmaltz, Jimi Hendrix, and gravel-voiced barking among others, make this new take give a truly burned out piece of shit new life. Oddly, "My Compromise" (see the Totem Pole Of Losers review, above) appears as being by a group called The Easy Goings. Well, shit. Isn't getting paid twice for the same effort (or at least trying to) the goddamned American Way *Itself*? Well, it's a slightly different version.

Interesting soundscapes like Mandible Chatter's "Dead White American Pelvis", Chop Shp's "4x4", and Borbetomagus' "Fur Muti", on one hand might have been better placed among other like stuff, yet on the other, does help break up theme, should it become tedious for you. If you're bored with rock and want a new adventure, check this one out. It's a good sample of the RRR ethos.

SIMONES
 "CORRIDOR OF DREAMS" LP
 PURPLE PHROGG
 11675 MARKET ST
 NORTH LIMA OH 44452

Be not afraid that this LP- yes vinyl album- is something of the psych nature. Lest ye cry that all psych rock is little more than a tired relic, fully evidenced by its appearance on the endangered specie medium, let me remind you of the quest for adventurous music. Alas, before you have a chance to interject something snotty about looking for new adventurous music, I'll remind you that if that's really what you want, you'll have to toss aside most everything you listen to- especially any form of rock 'n' roll. Since that would undoubtedly be too painful for you to bear, I'll proceed.

Al Simones gave me a nice little note with the record, advising that his band's sounds are all the more enhanced by the presence of a nice, toasty joint. Being that I don't smoke, and prefer to be as lucid as possible, I neatly succumbed myself to the apprehension I went about warding off in the above paragraph!

Fear not. From the first intonations of Side One of "Corridors", the flowing notes are brought to life with a crazy amalgam of sound bites.

"Peakin'" clears no more than two bars of music before a perfectly disgusting monster roar is belched out by something slightly less than human, instantly dispelling the myth that psych rock has to be strictly built around certain musical cliches and assumptions. The thing made me laugh out loud. If the image of psych rock construction is something very stodgy, take note.

Other tracks use the "Mr. Ed Theme" to lead into a swirling tune, the barking dog is a crack-up as is the snip from some cheese-ball porn actress, moaning and "oh yeahing" all over the place. Rather than interfere with the sounds, they truly enhance them, breaking up the predictability of the genre and creating something very interesting and fun.

I can only imagine how these thing might have left out of my speakers and slapped me silly *had* I smoked some pot before listening. Homage is paid throughout to the various substances one can acquire to alter the mind. The record is a self-pressed job, and it appears that the "label" name could be "Peyote". I say could because, Al operates the Purple Phrogg Record Store at the above address. Of course, the direction "Sinsemilla Morning" takes becomes self-explanatory.

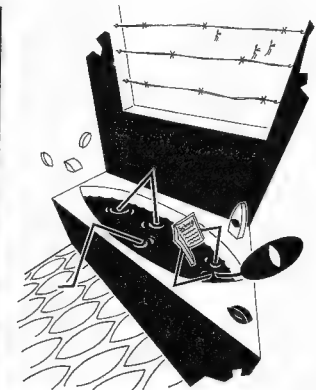
Genre-busters are always happily recommended here. Recordings by artists who don't take it all too seriously and have fun are as well. This platter succeeds on all counts and is quite a trip.

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 SHIP
 STICK PEOPLE
 SCHWA CORP.
 OTHER
 BILL BARKER
 8111



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—Micah 3:7, 11



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any bookstore.



VICTIMS FAMILY
"HEADACHE REMEDY"
ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES
PO BOX 419092
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94141

What's my baggage coming in to this one? Oh yeah. What I had heard of their recordings had far too much of that funk action for my liking, yet having seen them play live, they impressed, notfunking up quite so much, but rocking out and not in rock's predictable formulas. Well, it's not terrible baggage to be carrying around.

All the same, the airline lost it and I don't want it back. These 15 songs are full-on rock adventure action and have it all.

Because this trio is so adept at linking a riff-driven verse with a hard chord progression and then scattering the whole thing with a few well-placed bridges— all within the span of a three minute tune— the seeming chaos is held together very nicely. Another thing I like is the ability to write music that feels like the words that are associated with the songs.

Case in point is the instrumental "I'm So Lost", which feels like the music equivalent of that frantic anxiety experienced when driving on the highway in a city you've never been to before. Anyone who has driven through downtown Pittsburgh looking for a way to get to the Civic Arena in 3 minutes through the maze of one-way streets could use this song as theme music.

The music is very busy music, much in the way (and I hate to have to make a crummy point of reference, but hell, it applies) The Minutemen were often very busy with their instruments. Because they are riff-driven, much more lee-way is given to bassist Larry Boothroyd to scale up and down his fretboard. Not a single 1-4-5 progression in sight, and what a major fucking relief.

There are some lyrical gems within, too. I'll just drop the phrases for your perusal:

...I'm hiding in the stretchmarks in Rush Limbaugh's butt...

...media made my mind so afraid and
that's OK, it's better that way
I wonder if the game's on TV today?...

...maybe if I had a major label deal
maybe if I got a lobotomy
maybe then I'd feel better...

And "Nopalitos" is a great little comparison of two Texas Dave's— Crockett and Koresh with the line:

...both took on a country
and died in an ashtray...

It's a great, rare total package of adventurous edge rock with smart, non-preachy political lyrics. Load up the new suitcase and make sure not to leave it on the plane.

De Un-Classifieds

Hey! Two issues in a row and the Classified ad rules haven't changed. Will miracles ever cease to happen around here? I hope so. The rules, below, are pretty damned simple:

1. \$1 per 10 words... or a slim pre-1965 dime for the same!!!
2. Any words beyond the increments of ten, round up. 28 pays the same as 30, Buckwheat.
3. No word-minimum or -maximum. Buy the whole page! See if we complain.
4. \$2 minimum. If you send less (unless we're talking about those fine silver coins, of course), we'll *keep it and throw your stupid ad in the trash and pretend we never got it.*
5. Address printed FREE! Don't count it in with your word total. This is done so you don't have to skimp on the address to the point that nobody can figure out where they are sending things.

SERIAL KILLER, splatter and X-rated comic books. Send 3 dollars for a sample and list. Specify interest for sample. Age statement required. DVH / 3651 A S. 76th ST / Milwaukee WI 53220.

IMAGES FROM SPACE!!! Actual facsimile images from satellites orbiting Earth. Can be used as maps by Astronauts, Invading Alien Creatures, Private Investigators, Spies, White Water Lawyers, or Non-Believers. The Latest Images Mailed or Faxed to you for only US \$1.00 each. Enclose payment and SASE for mail, or payment and your fax phone number (Cont. US Only please) for the latest Earth Image to: P. Gentile / Box 504 / East Syracuse NY 13057.

CHIP'S CLOSET CLEANER #10 now available. Normal people who collect odd things: Weekly World News index; zine reviews; dentists on film; more. "Hilarious" - *Factsheet* 5. \$3 postpaid. No trades please. Chip Rowe / 826 Aspen St NW / Washington DC 20012.

A FOOL'S PARADISE paid for a copy of AFSI, but didn't send a complete mailing address! It hurts our consciences to have taken their money and yet not sent the copy they've been expecting. Here's all we got: A Fool's Paradise, Sakolsky / ? / Pawnee IL 62558. Here's guessing that they do a zine, too. I'm sure some of you can fill in the blanks for us.



TIRED OF TRYING TO FIND NEW INDEPENDENT RECORDS? Tired of local record shops not knowing what's new? What you need is **INDIE STREET!** The record catalog CATALOG. A magazine of your favorite domestic and import independent label catalogs, including K, Am Rep, Elephant, Summershine, Simple Machines, Estrus, Merge, etc. Send \$2.50 for sample issue / \$8 for 1-year, 4 issue subscription to: Indie Street / 434 Coombs Creek / Dallas TX, 75211.

A CALL FOR ENTRIES for mail and xerox artists for a major international mail art show in SoHo. Send photocopies (color or B/W) comprising the artist's entire body, that can be assembled into a complete 2-dimensional (or 3-dimensional) figure. Figures may be nude or clothed, but must be complete. Accessories or props may be included. All submissions must be received by 12/31/94. Documentation will be sent to all chosen artists. Mail all named and titled submissions to: D. Jokosonu Lofts / 143-5 C. Columbus Dr. #2 / Jersey City NJ 07302.

GET BLACK SHEETS, a kinky, queer, intelligent, and irreverent zine of sex and pop culture. Current issue \$6, \$20/4 issues. Also Black Book, 200-page illustrated sexuality directory- Guide for the Erotic Explorer, \$15. Mention Asylum For Shut-Ins for free gift when ordering! Age statement required. Free brochure. Black Book, P.O. Box 31155-AS, San Francisco CA 94131-0155.

RECORDS FOR SALE in the hopes of paying the printer of Asylum For Shut-Ins. Mostly 7" gems to tempt the collector scum and even a music fan or two- Am Rep, Misfits, punk rock... I even have a pile of stuff from that dead rocker's band (Nirvana). (The idea that his death has propelled their sales through the roof thoroughly disgusts me- especially since the record company and its shareholders will be the prime beneficiaries of record store sales, while Cobain's family and the band stand to gain only marginally. I am powerless to stop this trend, so I may as well cash in.) Plenty on colored vinyl. Write for list... SASE appreciated greatly. Mike Kole / PO Box 46581 / Bedford OH 44146. The printer today, newsstands around the globe tomorrow!

SUBCONSCIOUS MIND
YOUR MOST POWERFUL ALLY

Ad Nauseum

The HOUR OF SLACK radio program is an excellent place for the uninitiated to become familiar with the SubGenius lexicon. Granted, the show is *even more* esoteric than the Churchly literature, but then the ideas on the printed page lack the ability to leap of the page and into the mind in the same exhilarating manner as does sound. Besides, it's so much easier to pump the subliminal messages via sound (or video for that matter) than it is with print, which is not to say that it can't be done... it's just that it is a hell of a lot more work. Let us not forget so quickly that the primary tenet of this Church is SLACK, which to some reads as the very avoidance of work.

Check the listing below to see if you are in range of the Church's weekly missives and directions. All times are LOCAL with respect to that area.

DALLAS, TX: KNON, 89.3 FM, Sundays, 9:00 p.m.
Broadcasts LIVE. The purest aethers can be gleaned here.
ATHENS, GA: WUOG, 90.5 FM, Fridays, 6:30 p.m. Taped, as are all the others from this point on down the list.
ATLANTA, GA: WREK, 91.1 FM, Saturdays, Midnight.
CHICAGO, IL: WZRD, 88.3 FM, Mondays, 9:00 p.m.
CLEVELAND, OH: WCSB, 89.3 FM, Sundays, 9:00 p.m.
DETROIT, MI / WINDSOR, ONT: CJAM, 91.5 FM, Mondays, 6:00 p.m. Hosted by Rev. Dave and codeine Kevin.
EAST ORANGE, NJ: WFMU, 91.1 FM, Mondays, Midnight. They run the full hour these days!
HOUSTON, TX: KPFT, 90.1 FM, Thursdays, Midnight.
MADISON, WI: WORT, 89.9 FM, call for day and time.
ROCHESTER, NY: WITR, 89.7 FM, Mondays, 11:00 p.m.
STANFORD, CA: KZSU, 90.1 FM, Sundays, Midnight.

With luck, you're in range of these stations. Why plunk down \$15 on SubGenius texts without having some idea what it's all about? After reading this far, you still haven't picked up on our consumer-protection attitude? Plunk down your \$15 *after* you have some idea what it's all about. Sheesh.

One thing to note is that Rev. John X. Piche' and I, Msgr. Kole are broadcasters of the HOUR OF SLACK in Cleveland on WCSB, 89.3 FM. Beginning with the Hour, we indulge ourselves in three hours of unspeakably bad thoughts, twisted music, and a general assault on The Man in Cleveland. Materials that are reviewed in Asylum For Shut-Ins are ALWAYS subject to discussion on our show, THE SHOW THAT DARE NOT SPEAK ITS NAME. Anyone wishing to contribute materials to be considered strictly for broadcast use may send them to the following address:

WCSB
CLEVELAND STATE UNIVERSITY
956 RHODES TOWER
CLEVELAND OH 44115

If sending music oriented materials and wondering where to send things, consider this:

1. If you have money crawling out your ass, send copies to both WCSB and Asylum For Shut-Ins. The station copy will be "airplay only" and the Asylum copy will be "review only".
2. If on a tight budget, decide which you'd rather have-airplay or a print review. You can see what sort of audience Asylum reaches. WCSB is another LONG story. If you send to Asylum and WCSB never gets a copy, odds are that after the review, the copy will be donated to WCSB by Asylum. Be assured that WCSB won't be donating even a shred of used toilet paper to Asylum, so if you definitely want a print review, send to Asylum.

If sending to WCSB, send it to the attention of "Rev. John X. Piche'". Thanks for bothering with this fine print nonsense.



Our Inspiration - Rev. Ivan Stang

The Church's Sacred Scribe has penned four major SubGenius works, and this magazine is the OFFICIAL follow-up to one of them- Simon & Schuster's HIGH WEIRDNESS BY MAIL. That book was an honest-to-goodness inspiration to us, even beyond the self-congratulatory influence THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS had on us many moons before.

High Weirdness was published in 1987 and was a dense, comprehensive catalog of listings. If you think Asylum is chock-full and brimming with gems, you'd be blown away by High Weirdness. It weighed in at 300 pages with about four listings and reviews per page. Stang's writing is insightful and gut-splitting hilarious, and even though many of the listings are outdated, the reader will be entertained whether or not she decides to try to contact the listees.

Our job is to carry the torch. In our first three issues, we've positively identified those who have gone AWOL and others that have moved on (R.I.P.) for the sake of those who wish to get down and make contact. Used in tandem with High Weirdness, Asylum For Shut-Ins is a powerful research tool. Or a bucket of yuks. Or both. It's really up to you. If we had it our way, those on the quest for spirituality would ALL have the good sense to be able to laugh at themselves (not all the time or anything like that) and be able to examine the strengths and weaknesses of their belief systems. Odds are we won't be getting it our way any time soon. Hell, we've yet to complete the task of supplanting High Weirdness. That may never happen since it isn't really our aim to dominate and control the kook research and commentary scene. As we see it, there is enough domination and control going on. Maybe one day we'll round up the lowest common denominators in a cosmic corral, but not anytime soon. With that, we present the list of MIA's, the rescued souls and the dearly departed.



De M.V.A.'s



As indicated previously, the primary source for Asylum's initial exploration was Rev. Ivan Stang's "High Weirdness By Mail". Why? Well, there are many reasons, some less noble than others. For instance, it was a hell of a lot easier to pick up an existing directory and just start writing letters to the folks listed therein than it would have been to sift through the multitude of oddball (and straight, for that matter) publications in the mere hopes of finding something worthwhile. We knew of the quality "High Weirdness". Forgive us. We know slack when we see it.

We here in the Asylum have saved 'y' all from that devastatingly empty feeling of getting your own stupid letters back marked "forwarding order expired" or some such thing. We wrote weepy drivel on miles of loose-leaf paper, stuffed the envelopes, LICKED all of the envelopes and the stamps, and broke the piggy bank to pay for postage JUST SO YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO!!! You lucky putz.

Do keep in mind that of the following, many of these people are still operating, but at a different address. If you are aware of the whereabouts of these folks, please send us their address!

When you see a number in parentheses below, it is a reference to Stang's book. Or it could be a satanic trigger... Those who know, well, they know. Others are zines or other sources we utilized in the same manner. It goes without saying that resource zines are valuable zines.

The List

ACTIVE R & D (p.28)
PO BOX 323
COEUR D'ALENE ID 83814

"Not deliverable as addressed".

The catalog offered by these chambers included build-it-yourself Lucid Dream Machines and Time Cameras, whatever those are. The book selection included suppressed info and research sources.

ADVANCED SCIENCES JOURNAL (p. 30)
PO BOX 109
LAKEHURST GA 30552

"Forwarding order expired".

Some Dr. Hieronymus publishes this newsletter, commenting on Universe energies, gravity and stuff like that, and sells associated, high-priced gizmos.

BANG NOTES (p. 191)
BOX 2686
BROOKLYN NY 11202

"No such box holder".
These end-timers must be holed up in the bunker now, I guess.

THE AMERICAN SUNBEAM (p. 91)
P.O. BOX 107
SELIGMAN MO 65745

"Moved".

Adelinus ranter named Delamer Duverus published this. We know that the SUNBEAM has been out of print for several years, and that Duverus was murdered by The Conspiracy. Needless to say, we are very interested to know more!

ANGEL TECH (p. 116)
VIGILANTERO PRESS
PO BOX 7513
BOULDER CO 80306

"Attempted- not known".

Dealers in angels and new age shmalts like karma mechanics and "the art of being light".

ARISE (p. 83)
SS JOHNSON
48 N MAIN ST
SHERIDAN WY 82801

"Attempted, not known".

Mr. Johnson could be dead. Who knows? He was a pro-Mason and made nifty looking brochures.

ARMAGEDDON COLORING BOOK (p. 164)
SULKIS
2050 MANNING
LOS ANGELES CA 90025

"Not at this address".

Yes, it really was a coloring book, but not necessarily for the kiddies. This was an anti-nuke statement.

THE ASSOCIATION TO SAVE MADONNA FROM NUCLEAR WAR (p.211)
228 MCCORMICK #3
CINCINNATI OH 45219

"Not deliverable as forwarded. No forwarding order on file."

Written to by pastor Craig way back in December of 1988. A regular flash in the pan, I suppose. Of course, Madonna wouldn't need anybody's help if she ever needed to buy an army.

BATTLE CRY OF AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY
FREE LOVE MINISTRIES (p. 64)
PO BOX 161212
SACRAMENTO CA 95816

"Forwarding order expired".

To quote Stang: "unadulterated, limitless, psychotic hatred birthed justified by declarations of pure Christian love, reinforced by total disregard for reason, human compassion or common sense". I can add nothing that would bolster that.

BIBLE SCIENCE ASSOCIATION (p. 26)
2911 E. 42nd ST
MINNEAPOLIS MN 55406

"Forwarding order expired".

We sought their 35 cent booklet called GEOCENTRICITY which gave scientific proof that Earth is the center of the Universe and supports Creationism over Evolution.

BLOWFLY (p. 285)
13116 NW SEVENTH AVE
MIAMI FL 33168

"Forwarding order expired".

To quote Stang: "The GOD of nasty Party Records... One of the raunchiest, most foul-mouthed, stinkiest, nastiest, biggest-dicked sons-a-bitches that ever lived." Playing one of his records got Brother Jimmy Wilson kicked off of WCSB's airwaves in Cleveland. WCSB (89.3-FM) is the station that is arguably Cleveland's most freewheeling radio station. Shift, Rev. Piche and myself do a show in tandem and run the Hour Of Slack (which you learned on the previous page). Blowfly records are that bad and naughty.

BOOK OF THE FALSE GODS (not in HWbM)
PO BOX 9471
SCHENECTADY NY 12309-9471

"No forward order on file". How did this happen? Reviewed by Rev. Piche in Issue #1, the promo copy we sent them came back! Cripes!

BUFO ALVARIUS (p. 126)
VENOM PRESS
BOX 2863
DENTON TX 76201

"Forwarding order expired".

Wasn't Denton the hole in the wall town "The Rocky Horror Picture Show" was set in? These folks actually sell (sold?) a book about obtaining too squeeze-in for use in one's pipe. A well-to-do couple was recently busted for SMOKING TOAD. Do I need to get out the soapbox and prattle on about how ridiculous this war on drugs is? Of course not.

CAMPUS MINISTRY (p. 72)
JED SMOCK
173 WOODLAND AVE
LEXINGTON KY 40502

"Attempted, unknown".

Having absolutely nothing better to do, this man and his wife go to college campuses to entertain bored college students. I know! They've been to Cleveland State and they've been a half riot smash hit. Oh yeah. They're supposed to be passing along the message that our horrible sinners are all doomed to eternity in hell by virtue of being alive.

CHILDREN OF GOD (p. 68)
CK*POSTAL 1140
20.001 RIO DE JANEIRO
BRAZIL

"Cancelled".

The forwarding order. The poor COG organization has been run out of several countries because they promote having sex in the name of God! Praise "Bob"! They were supposed to have great booklet which "illustrate" their "position" on sexuality.

CHRISTIAN TECHNOCRACY (p. 203)
PO BOX 85642
LAS VEGAS NV 89116

"Addressee unknown".

Known as the foremost rhetorical white supremacist. That is to say, those in other groups may actually embark upon far more evil actions, but this guy, more than anyone else we'd run into, delivered the printed goods reliably.

THE CHURCH OF BEAVER CLEAVER (p. 209)
122 E BENSON ST
DECATUR GA 30030

"Moved. Return to sender."

Moved, but to where? Oh, how we'd like to hook out with this most temporarily inspired whacko clench!

CONSCIOUS LIVING FOUNDATION (p. 98)
BOX 520
MANHATTAN KS 66502

"No forward order on file".

CONSPIRACIES UNLIMITED (p. 162)
PO BOX 3085
ST PAUL MN 55165

"Forwarding order expired".

Extreme conspiracy investigation, as the title should have suggested.

THE COSMIC RAY (p. 238)
KRUDZNA INK
PO BOX 5003
GREENSBORO NC 27403

"Attempted, not known".

The folks here were some do-gooders out to protect us from you guessed it - cosmic rays. God only knows what kind of rays they're talking about and where they come from, but they wished to make us all safe. Kind of warms the heart, doesn't it? Nah...

CULT AWARENESS NETWORK NEWS (p. 153)
PO BOX 606370
CHICAGO IL 60626

"Forwarding order expired".

Unlike a similarly-named outfit which was interested in exposing cults so that they could be destroyed, this one kinda straddled that fence but was more interested in grinding its ill-brainwash ax. It's amazing, but they saw fit to lump fundamentalists into the cult cauldron, which, of course, is right on the fucking money.

BEDSIDE COMPANION
VALENTINE PRODUCTS
PO BOX 5040
S NORWALK CT 06856

"Forwarding order expired".

CYBERNAUTECH
BOX 121
MONROEVILLE PA 15146-0121

"No forwarding address".

THE DIRECTOR (p. 199)
BOX 1175
WINCHESTER OR 97495

"Unable to forward to sender".

Lone wolf, non-affiliated racist crank.

DRASTIC SOLUTIONS (Trash Compactor)
2 EMBRO DR
DOWNSVIEW ONT M3H 2M8
CANADA

"Moved".

Catering to the tastes of hardcore punks, the writers engaged in leftist political banter, that included some of HC's typical anarchist rhetoric, but generally offered solutions and encouraged debate.

DR. BETER'S AUDIO NEWSLETTER (p. 182)
P. O. Box 276
Savage MD 20763

"Forwarding order expired."

Perfectly extreme, paranoid, anti-trilateralist, the Conspiracy's-right-around-the-corner rantier who sold his venomous tomes on audio cassettes.

FELINE FRENZY (Trash Compactor)
49 DUNDONALD ST #14
TORONTO ONT M4Y 1K3
CANADA

"Not at this address".

Excuse me. I need to know at which friggin address.

FEMZINE (Trash Compactor)
2 BLOOR ST
TORONTO ONT M4W 3E2
CANADA

"Moved, addressee unknown".

I think the title explains it all here. Wouldn't you agree, not chikk?

NO MORE CENSORSHIP DEFENSE FUND (p. 180)
PO BOX 11458
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94101

"Forwarding order expired".

This organization is in fact defunct. An excellent idea not to be ignored even if conducting war against the State of Florida. You never know. Florida could decide that they don't care about comic and zine readers' moolah and are dedicated to the eradication of "filth". In that case, the victim, or, defendant would still have to slug it out in court.

FREE PRESS ASSOCIATION (p. 178)
BOX 1743
APPLE VALLEY CA 92307

"Unable to forward".

Newsletter regarding freedom of speech in media, regardless of political point of view. Right on! The Man probably got to him and shut him up.

FUSION MAGAZINE (p. 201)
BOX 17149
WASHINGTON DC 20041

"No forwarding order on file".

Those expecting to get info pertaining to weak "jock-jazz" from this address would have been shocked at what would have come, namely junk from Lyndon LaRouche. Good, of LaRouche, our perennial candidate-from-prison. Or is he out now? I wonder where his money comes from?

GOD'S BOOK/MALOK (not in HWBm)
14492 ONTARIO CIRCLE
WESTMINSTER CA 92683

"Attempted, not known".

Don't quite recall where we saw this zine listed, but we liked the review, so we thought we'd try to get a copy. No dice.

HOYDEN (Trash Compactor)
391 SHERBOURNE ST #312
TORONTO ONT M4X 1K6
CANADA

"Unknown".

STU GOLDMAN
PO BOX 193
STUDIO CITY CA 91604

"Unable to forward".

INSTITUTE FOR RESTORING ANCIENT HISTORY (p. 28)
P.O. Box 495
Winfield KS 67156

"Forwarding order expired".

these folks knew where to find the ol' Tower O' Babel and the ruins of Noah's Pinboat. Cool.

MADISON COMICS (p. 246)
1813 NORTH 21st St.
ARLINGTON VA 22209

"No such address".

I have to see the comic which makes Jesus a superhero. I know the underground comic scene has grown by leaps and bounds of late. Certainly one of you knows Madison's whereabouts.

IN YOUR FACE (Trash Compactor)
PO BOX 1703
3266 YOUNG ST
TORONTO ONT M4N 3P6
CANADA

"Moved".

J.D.'S (Trash Compactor)
PO BOX 1110
ADELAIDE ST STATION
TORONTO ONT M5C 2K6
CANADA

"Box closed".

Trash Compactor seemed like such a great source until the letters all came back.

JUMPSTART (p. 251)
LONE WOLF PRESS
BOX 1554
CAMBRIDGE MA 02238

"Attempted, not known".

Jumpstart was the comic effort of Joe Schenckman, who used to write for National Lampoon before they toned it way down. Joe depicts glue-sniffing exploits and other scenes which bring out the worst in us.

KAIETEUR MARKETING (p. 86)
CHAMPLAIN BLVD
VILLE LA SALLE
P.O. BOX 371
MONTREAL PQ H6P 3V3
CANADA

"Unknown".

Ancient Egyptian Philosopher was the goal here. With their guidance, the reader was supposed to be able to make themselves invisible, change the color of animals and grow hair on any part of the body. With this I would have become the life of the party.

KLMM NEWS (p. 171)
ONESS PRESS
PO BOX 336
CALPELLA CA 95418

"Moved, left no address".

Was the Kid's Lib Movement Network. I guess the kiddies have grown up to become spoiled, zit-faced Beavis and Buttheads.

LISTEN AMERICA (p. 102)
BOX 100
RIVERSIDE CA 92502

"Addressee unknown".

More disappointment for us. These darlings offered a disgusting book called DRUG ABUSE TRAGEDIES, which utilized the "Scared Straight" approach. Would've been a great source for clip-art.

POPULAR REALITY (p. 190)
BOX 3402
ANN ARBOR MI 48106

"No forwarding order on file".

Humorous anarchist ravings.

MINISTRY OF DIETETIC LAW (p. 26)
BOX 825
VACAVILLE CA 95688

"Forwarding order expired".

With the claim that aluminum is poison to humans, they said a Polarity Pillow to be used to fend off the dope-like effects of that which sides your house.

MLC (Trash Compactor)
PO BOX 1213
STATION B
DOWNSVIEW ONT M3H 5V6
CANADA

"Moved, address unknown".

THE MONITOR (p. 180)
CENTER FOR DEMOCRATIC RENEWAL
PO BOX 10500
ATLANTA GA 30301

"Attempted, not known".

While we dabble in discussion of far right folks (like Klan and Neo-Nazi groups), they covered it exclusively. I'm not sure if the tenor of the articles was the same though.

THE NATIONAL REPORTER (p. 179)
BOX 21279
WASHINGTON DC 20009

"Unable to forward".

Newsweek once described this mag as "the CIA's nemesis". Whoa.

NEW IRON COLUMN (p. 187)
1728 W BALL #4
ANAHEIM CA 92804

"Addressee unknown".

Quarterly mag of the Creative Anarchist Network. They probably ended it all when an editor tried to impose a deadline.

NON SERVIVAM/BRIAN METZ (F5)
PO BOX 70551
RICHMOND VA 23255

"Box closed, unable to forward".

How do you like that? Hey, Brian! Too broke to pay to keep the box open? I commiserate profusely.

NOWHERE (p. 187)
DKYTN STATION
PO BOX 13285
MINNEAPOLIS MN 55414

"Box closed- no order."

This was a mag which spouted satire against absolutely everything.

PHILOSOPHICAL RESEARCH (p. 319)
PO BOX 570
PARKES, 2870
NEW SOUTH WALES
AUSTRALIA

"Left address".

SKIN GRAFT
PO BOX 738
ST CHARLES MO 63302

"Box closed".

To my knowledge, they're still around producing 7" records by sick groups like the Strangled Beatos to accompany their sick comics.

THE OCCASIONAL JOURNAL OF NOTHING IN PARTICULAR (p. 237)
G FOURMILE
PO BOX 419
LAFAYETTE CO 80025

"Addressee unknown."

The folks at the Post Office really wanted me to understand this as they stamped my returned envelope five times! I guess they get tons of pieces addressed to this obviously defunct mag. If bored, send a letter! Sure, nobody will ever have any chance of reading it, but it clearly frosts these poor bastards in Colorado. At least you will get to see the results.

PARANOID TALES OF NEUROSIS (Trash Compactor)
85 BLACK FRIAR LANE
BRANTFORD ONT N3R 7M2
CANADA

"Moved".

Likewise these folks. It wasn't enough to just write "moved" on the envelope. The had to go and scrawl "DO NOT SEND TO THIS ADDRESS" all over it. Sheesh. Lighten up.

THE PHOENIX LETTER (p. 172)
PO BOX 39850
PHOENIX AZ 85069

"Forwarding order expired".

Well, they might still be around. If they, or he (Antony Sutton) is, he's writing about our Western leaders and bankers who've sold out to someone or other. He had it pinned down to the Soviets before, you know, the collapse of communism in, you know, that country where capitalism is a decided joke.

PRIS (F5)
180 MARKET ST #258
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94102

"No such number".

PSYCHIC RESEARCH INC (p. 45)
1725 LITTLE ORCHARD ST UNIT C
SAN JOSE CA 95125

"Undeliverable as addressed".

Home of the guy who proved that sweet-talking your plants makes 'em grow better. Can you see placing loudspeakers in the middle of America's wheat and corn fields, intoning soothing words to the stalks?

THE RAINBOW EARTH DWELLING SOCIETY (p. 82)
L CHRISTINE HAYES
330 LADDIE PLACE
SAN ANTONIO TX 78201

"Forwarding time Expired".

Mrs. Hayes published a book claiming Elvis to be from some blue star. She also claims to be in telepathic communication with the being that live in the earth's core.

PAT ROBERTSON FOR PRESIDENT (p. 75)
BOX 17488
WASHINGTON DC 20041

"Moved. Not forwardable". Darn!



RELICS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH (p. 85)
THE VATICAN
EARTH

"Returned For Better Address".
Hardly a surprise, really.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM MARKET
COALITION FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM
316 PENNSYLVANIA AVE SE #202
WASHINGTON DC 20003

"Moved, not forwardable".

RENEW (p. 71)
P.O. BOX 11672
JACKSONVILLE FL 32239

"Box closed. Unable to forward".

This one may have joined forces with the Home Shopping Network. They sell Jesus-oriented self-help tapes. What the hell, if one can buy those "learn to speak Japanese in four weeks while driving to work" tapes, why not Jesus stuff?

SAUCERIAN PUBLICATIONS (p.57)
BOX 2228
CLARKSBURG WV 26301

"Forwarding order expired".

Title says all. They must have been in operations fairly recently in order for our envelope to come back with this particular stamp... or so I thought. Pastor Craig got his letter returned to him back in '88!

SCHIZOPHRENIC INTERNATIONAL
PO BOX 50456
FT WORTH TX 76105

"Attempted, not known".

Poor bastards probably didn't know which PO box to go to after a while. Sad.

SHAVERTON (p.28)
PO BOX 248
VALLEJO CA 94590

"Attempted, not known".

Richard Shaver discovered tunnels in the earth and things called Deros which thrived upon controlling the minds of humans. Stang had indicated in '87 that they had stopped publishing, but should have back issues available. They're out now.

SPIRAL FEEDBACK (p. 182)
P.O. BOX 80323
LINCOLN NE 68501

"No forwarding order".

This existed during Reagan's presidency and claimed he was going to put us all in concentration camps.

ZOMOID ILLUSTRIES (p. 253)
RAY ZONE
128 N NEW HAMPSHIRE
LOS ANGELES CA 90004

"Attempted, not known".

Some sort of sicko comics.

SPIRE CHRISTIAN COMICS (p. 196)
FLEMING H REVELL CO
OLD TAPPAN NJ 07675

As mentioned in the BAKER BOOK HOUSE catalog review (above), Baker bought Revell out. They also indicated that they were in the process of selling the series to another company. Who would have known it was such hot property?

STARNET (p. 52)
RD 1
BOX 176
ADDISON PA 15411

"Forwarding order expired".

STARNET was a newsletter which was intended for the cogniscent space people. Of course, there are countless latent or unaware space people. The "coming out" of the 90s?

STREET MEETINGS INC (p. 179)
PO BOX 724
DALLAS TX 75221

"Moved, left no address".

Another "cult expose" newsletter. Or a contact list for folks like us.

THESE EXIT TIMES/VHEMT (not in HwBm)
PO BOX 86649
PORTLAND OR 97266-0646

"Unknown".

Sure. This is another one that Rev. Piche' reviewed for us in Issue 1 that has moved. I'm beginning to wonder if he didn't just make some of this stuff up.

WARLORDS OF SATAN (p. 82)
PO BOX 3085
ST PAUL MN 55165

"Forwarding order expired".

This one is not what it seemed, but was rather one of those concerned citizens groups which reprinted their stuff and distributed it as a warning to concerned parents. Would have made for great clip-art.

YAHWEH KINGDOM CITY, INC.
PO BOX 2078
SUN CITY AZ 85372

"Forwarding order expired".

BE A HERO!!!
SEND THE CURRENT
ADDRESS OF AN
M.I.A.!!!



He never told us!

Now we're
doomed!



**WOMEN
IN JAIL**





Rescuees !



Every now and then it pays to send out the search party. After several weeks of exhaustive work, scouring the woods in 16-hour shifts with only one meal of hardtack and gruel a day, battling vicious insects, a scorching sun and intense humidity, no pot to piss in and leads snapped off by the post office and current boxholders, our scavengers have managed to find these folks holed-up in filthy lean-to eating berries and tree bark on a good day. All parties involved have been given a hot meal, a shot of whiskey, A GOOD BATH, and plenty of sleep. Tomorrow, they will be loosed once again to do what they do.

The rescuees have been given time to recuperate, by and large, and have yet to be contacted by us and subjected to our methods. Their address are provided as a public service both to those interested in updating High Weirdness as well as those who are in a hurry to conduct their own research. Fret not, by next issue, all of these will have been contacted by our dastardly staff and in an evil stroke, shown for exactly what they are. Take that!

Old addresses have been omitted to avoid confusion. HWBm page numbers shown for those who care.

Please! Don't be afraid to lace up the hiking boots and be part of the search party! We are ever so grateful to our volunteers. True, we don't have much to offer besides the hardtack and gruel, and *we're running out of that*, but think of the service done for your fellow searchers and researchers- all on their way to the One True Path O' Laughs and/or Enlightenment. **Keep the faith!**

THE A.C.E. (p. 178)

Not to be confused with The Association For Consciousness Exploration (which is listed in the catalog section on page 21 in Issue 2). This is the Association of Clandestine Radio Enthusiasts. In English? Pirate radio. They are alive and well as evidenced by their late-arriving booklet, which will be reviewed in #4. New address:

THE A.C.E.
PO BOX 11201
SHAWNEE MISSOURI KS 66207-0201



CULT AWARENESS COUNCIL (p. 153)

This group printed a listing of cults. Some folks use such lists to be able to recognize cult activity in their children. Other people use these lists to freak out their parents. We're proud to be a key part of the information revolution, and moreover, are happy to be bringing families together. We are pleased to be able to continue this effort with the location of their current address:

CULT AWARENESS COUNCIL
PO BOX 190597
DALLAS TX 75219

ESP LABORATORY (p. 83)
AL G. MANNING

This Kris Kringle offered free junk catalogs and literature. Some psychic/gentle old friend. New address:

ESP LAB
BOX 216
219 SOUTHRIDGE DR
EDGEWOOD TX 75117



FULL DISCLOSURE (p. 179)
is alleged by one reader to now be at:

FULL DISCLOSURE
PO BOX 67
LOWELL MI 49331

and by another to be at:

FULL DISCLOSURE
BOX 903
LIBERTYVILLE, IL 60048

but:

according to Paul Rydeen: "Nowhere. Long gone, but Peter Wagner still lives and works in Minneapolis. I used to have a couple copies, but they're gone too. Wagner did political cartoons for the University of Minnesota daily when I was there; now he does a Sunday funnies feature for kids. Call 1-812-555-1212 and ask information for his number." Damn! Snared in the thicket again!



FALCON PRESS (p. 131)

Booksellers and free catalog offerers. They sold Crowley, Leary, Regardis, R. A. Wilson, etc. and Discordian inspired wares. "Doctor" Hyatt moves around so much I've'd lost track. They were in Nevada for a while, but they're back in Arizona someplace under the name "New Falcon".

NEW FALCON PUBLICATIONS
655 EAST THUNDERBIRD
PHOENIX AZ 85022

JOHN P. JUDGE (p. 173)

Mr. Judge has been a very active researcher in the conspiracy field. You know, JFK, RFK, MLK, MX, etc. Where is he now? Well, Pastor Craig got some stuff from Judge and Co. in March of '93 and tells us he can be found at this address:

COMMITTEE FOR AN OPEN ARCHIVES
PO BOX 6008
WASHINGTON DC 20005

AMERICA'S PROMISE (p. 185)
LORD'S COVENANT CHURCH

These folks thought Ronald Reagan was *sickeningly liberal*!! Of course, Mr. Reagan did prove that he wasn't a textbook conservative, either. They must love Clinton. Now at:

LORD'S COVENANT CHURCH
AMERICA'S PROMISE MINISTRIES
PO BOX 157
SANDPOINT ID 83864

but:

We have been informed by a reader that the founder of America's Promise, Sheldon Emery, has passed away. Fuckin' barbed wire fence!

RIP OFF PRESS (p. 252)

The publisher of *Bob's Favorite Comics* and other sickness has moved. You can now find them at:

RIP OFF PRESS
BOX 4686
AUBURN CA 95604

MODERN HUMANS (p. 30)

A mad scientist named Mr. Fry offered a brain expanding course by mail, selling books and other junk as well. A subscriber tells us that many of the old titles have been discontinued, but at least it lives on. Find 'em in a new state and with a new name at:

FRY'S INCREDIBLE INQUIRY
HC76 BOX 2207
GARDEN VALLEY ID 83622

REV. ORTON NENSLO (AFSI #2 pg. 49)

is now at:

REV. ORTON NENSLO
PO BOX 86582
(1535 S.E.35th AVE)
PORTLAND OR 97214.

He operates a mail-orderbooksearch service. Donna "Kooks" Kossy lives with him; watch for "Kooks the Book" in April from Feral House (the same friendly folks who brought you "Apocalypse Culture"). Send Nenslo \$1 for an envelope full of enlightenment.

PSYCHIC PROPHECY NEWS BULLETIN (p. 77)

Not sure if the News Bulletin is still produced, but at least there is some activity. New Address:

BURCHETTE BROS.
PO BOX 363
LAKESIDE CA 92040-0363

THE RUNESTONE (p. 77)

Ever hear of Odinson? I hadn't, so I was more interested than usual. As I understand it, Odinson deals in Norse mythology. Cool. New address:

THE RUNESTONE
STEVE MCNALLY
PO BOX 445
NEVADA CITY CA 95959

SOCIETY FOR THE ERADICATION OF TV (p. 263)

Of course, name says all here, but these folks were far more vehement than even the do-gooder Senator's wives who want to impose stricter control on our culture box. New address:

SOCIETY FOR THE ERADICATION OF TELEVISION
BOX 10491
OAKLAND CA 94610-0491

TESLA BOOK CO (p. 38)

Yep. This was where books about Nikola Tesla and his work were sold. Now available at:

INTERNATIONAL TESLA SOCIETY
PO BOX 5636
COLORADO SPRINGS CO 809

Asylum For Shut-Ins

Subscription Instructions



Decide that exploring the world of cults, Fortean, far-out music, UFO's, kooks, ranters, conspiracy theories, suppressed information, etc., is something you'd like to do in greater detail.

Send \$9 for a four-issue subscription as soon as you're "ready to go". Any form of payment is fine. Make checks and money orders out to MIKE KOLE.

Roll on down to the Post Office after making sure coins are secured and cash is well concealed in your envelope, for if they escape, you'll be subject to unspeakable horror.

Be sure to indicate with which issue to start your sub. As soon as you've finished reading Asylum, put it in its proper place and begin the chase for the One True Path!

WARNING: A few uptight so-and-so's are allergic to a humorous treatment of the above specified topics. If you or your partner are allergic to sarcastic humor or have had other negative reactions, stop use and see your doctor.

**ISSUES 1-3
AVAILABLE
NOW!**

ASYLUM #1 was a
FACTSHEET 5 #50
"EDITOR'S CHOICE!"
#2 AND #3 are BIGGER
and BETTER than #1
was!!! Check 'em out!!!!

— SEND \$\$\$ TO:
ASYLUM
FOR SHUT-INS
P.O. BOX 46581
BEDFORD OH 44146

BRAINBEAU (p. 161)
BOX 2243
YOUNGSTOWN OH 44504

"Moved. Order has expired".

A genuine kook, Mr. Brainbeau proclaimed himself "The World's ONLY Radical". He used to run little ads in the National Enquirer and other "grocery store" rags. Writes Rodney Griffith, "Brainbeau is dead. I wrote him just in November to get his blessing to run an ad of his; the reason marked under 'return to sender' was written in: 'deceased'. His self-publishing activities predated Mike Gunderloy's and only occasionally were his theories actually elaborated on — the first three times I wrote to him I only received more ads in return." R. I. P.

RUTH FISH (p. 89)
948 MAXWELL AVE
NASHVILLE TN 37205

"Attempted, addressee not known".

The reason she is not known by the current addressee is because she kicked the bucket a couple of years back. This happens, you know.

MIKE MARINACCI (p. 107)
1629 BROCKTON AVE #4
LOS ANGELES CA 90025

"Attempted, not known".

Published the DIRECTORY OF MAIL-ORDER MINISTRIES and made it available for a measly SASE!!! Marinacci wrote us with the following info:

"The DIRECTORY has been out of print since 1987. It was originally issued in a once-only run of 50 copies. The DIRECTORY was out of print by the time HIGH WEIRDNESS appeared, and I had to send out over 200 letters stating this sad fact to people who'd written for their copy. Please pass this information on to your readers. You might also tell them that I recommend ministerial credentials from the UNIVERSAL LIFE CHURCH / 801 THIRD ST / MODESTO CA 95351. Not only do they ordain for free, but they let their Ministers ordain others in turn so long as they register new inductees with the Modesto office."

He requested that we NOT list his current address. This request is being honored, and as such, is the end of the line for the Directory. He is involved in other projects, the connection to which he wishes to be mysterious. Cool by us.



schwa, (ə-HH-wə), n. 1. The indeterminate vowel sound of most syllables not stressed in English, as the a in alone, the e in debris, the i in sanity, etc. 2. The phonic symbol denoting that sound (ə). For more information on alien defense send a stamped, self addressed envelope to Schwa, Box 6064 Reno NV 89513

Asylum For Shut-Ins will be coming to our friend Wanda's mailbox... will it come to yours? Don't be caught hoping your newsstand will stock it. Subscribe today! Be sure to pick up any back issues you may have missed!



BACK ISSUES OF ARE STILL AVAILABLE!

#1 Our blessed debut! We reveal our inspiration; explain why we do what we do; using pictures, we tell you how to do it for yourself; and we display our bountiful harvest of UFO, cult, extreme political, and other fringenewsletters and zines, and the catalogs which sell related junk. All was this crammed around amazing turn-back-the-clock clip-art. The initial 48-page treasure trove for information hounds. Was "Editor's Choice" in *Factsheet 5* #50! Supply is running short! How often have you thought, "oh, that'll be around forever", and then it was gone and then you kick yourself?

#2 Even more in-depth than before, gleefully displaying personal responses from the progenitors of the material we cover; still more zine and book reviews; ditto catalogs; music reviews even; discussion of these materials as gems for future historians; insider coverage of an intense SubGenius de-vival; an even more intense rant from Rev. Ivan Stang; a word to the wise concerning prank calls; more clip-art bonanzas and tons of love.

BACK ISSUES ARE \$2.50 EACH POSTPAID! REMEMBER, 4-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE \$9 IN THE U.S. SAVE A BUCK! MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO MIKE KOLE. SEND ALL SILVER COINS TO:

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Write the below address on the envelope. You don't want it to be inserted in someone else's mailbox, do you? Remember to relax your muscles, otherwise you may be subject to unspeakable horror... like, no zine, man.

Slide your payment lovingly into the envelope. Be sure to conceal cash payments well. If paying in silver coin, be certain to tape them to a piece of paper so they don't jingle, arousing the curiosity of a postal worker.

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ABOUT SILVER COINS

Yes, Misseur Kole, just why is it that you are so taken by these arcane objects? Well, there are several reasons why I am personally taken by silver coins. If you believe that the Federal Reserve Act of 1913 was the action of conspiratorial bankers out to influence and control the American- and honestly would henceforth have been the case in 1913- and world economy to their own benefit, you will also come to the conclusion that common Federal Reserve Notes are not "legal money" in the truest sense. Certainly, the FRN's are traded strictly because both parties on either end of the transaction have put their faith in the value of the Notes and are willing to accept them.

I would be very willing not to accept Federal Reserve Notes if I could find enough like-minded people. Why? It would effectively thwart the methods of control. Gold and silver were the standards by which our currency was previously based; gold until 1920, silver until 1965.

However, being that I can be convinced that the FRN's are valueless, I can also reject the value of silver and gold. What can I really do with these two metals that I wouldn't better do with steel? I wouldn't build the supporting structure of my home with a soft metal like gold. Likewise a shovel or any other tool I might truly need.

The reason I call for payment in silver coins is simply to see if people will do it.

Part of the problem inherent in the scenario is the scarcity of silver coin in common circulation. I used to be a newspaper carrier in my teen years. Had the route for five years. In that time, I pulled in a lot of change- about \$15 per week or approximately \$3900 in that span. How much was silver in face value terms? About \$12. That's a pretty crummy ratio... just more than three-thousandths of one percent! And that was 10 years ago! There is appreciably less silver in circulation now than then.

If someone is willing to pay in silver coin, they have to be very willing to part with it. The scheme is a litmus test. If people are willing to sidestep the Federal Reserve System to accept means of trade on their own terms, they open up a huge set of possibilities for themselves.

1. The avoidance of auditable bookkeeping.
2. The avoidance of inflation.
3. The accumulation of a time-honored standard would be invaluable in times of economic collapse.

These are only the beginning! We've yet to receive a single payment in silver coin. We offer a stunning 90% discount to anyone who does!

